



The
Institute
Hymnal



Division SCB
Section 2559

THE INSTITUTE HYMNAL

1001

The Institute Hymnal

EDITED BY

✓
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AND

✓
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Editors of "The Hymnal for Schools"



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Prefatory Note

THE publishers of "The Institute Hymnal" ask words of introduction from one who is little versed in musical lore. However, I have had exceptional opportunity for observing the influence of sacred song upon the spirit of a school.

I believe with strongest conviction that schools should use effective means for training students to respect themselves in humility, and to reverence the Almighty. Year after year, I have observed the calm, the gentleness, the noble impulse, the reverence, which, like a heavenly inspiration, come upon a large assemblage of students, when, by the help of inspiring music, their voices interpret the thought of a noble hymn. No other influence can be made equally potent in cherishing serenity, earnestness, and reverence.

The first form of this hymnal, entitled "The Hymnal for Schools," deserves the high praise it has received. It is admirably adapted to its purpose. "The Institute Hymnal" is an outgrowth of the "Hymnal for Schools." Changes made by the editors in adapting that choice collection to the use of older students, will be appreciated by those who do not need an extended list of hymns for little children. Hymns full of the spirit of worship have been added, and many tunes — treasures new and old — not found in the earlier collection will make "The

Prefatory Note

Institute Hymnal " especially helpful in the religious services of colleges and higher grades of schools.

The editors have done their work with scholarly taste and devoutly.

TRUMAN J. BACKUS.

THE PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
Brooklyn, N. Y., *Sept.* 12, 1899.

Publishers' Note

MANY thousands of children are singing with delight the noble hymns and genuinely musical tunes provided for them in "The Hymnal for Schools," edited by Charles Taylor Ives and R. Huntington Woodman. And, not only so, but there are many cases where the high grade of literature and of music in that devotional book has prompted its use — with gratifying success — in college-worship, prayer-meetings, and even church Sunday service.

Yet there is found to be a distinct demand for a collection adapted to these latter uses, in which the hymns for little children should be replaced by those which, while still of the higher grade of quality, express more fully the devotional sentiments of older minds. Therefore "The Institute Hymnal" has been compiled by the same competent hands for that purpose.

Acknowledgments are made to the Outlook Company for their courtesy in permitting the use of the tunes "Adoration" and "Armstrong"; to Mr. George Edward Stubbs for the tune "Asaph"; to Mrs. F. G. Ilsley for the tunes "Dania" and "Ilsley"; to Mr. Charles Vincent for "A Christmas Carol"; to Professor S. Lasar for the tune "Meditation"; and to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. for Bishop Brooks' exquisite hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," for which Mr. Woodman has composed the music.

Publishers' Note

As in "The Hymnal for Schools" the editors have made use of considerable fine material drawn from the Hymnals for the Congregational Union of England and Wales, compiled by the Rev. George S. Barrett, D.D., who has rendered grand service to the churches by his labors, inspired as they are by a deep spirit of devotion and guided by a literary and musical training.

It is believed that "The Institute Hymnal" will find a welcome, because in its broader field it has been made to do that which *The Outlook* (N. Y.) asserted of its forerunner "The Hymnal for Schools": it "will foster the true taste for hymns of real poetical character and music of a high quality."

NEW YORK CITY, *September*, 1899.

Hymnal

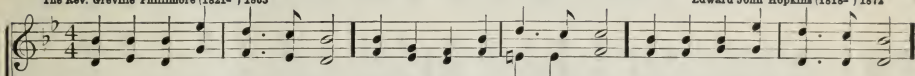
I

Every Morning Mercies New

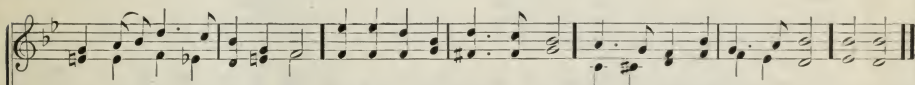
PHILLIMORE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Greville Phillimore (1821-) 1863

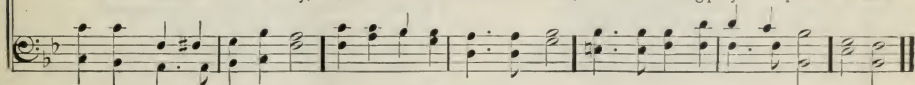
Edward John Hopkins (1818-) 1872



1 Ev-ery morn-ing mer-cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew; Ev-ery morn-ing let us pay
2 Still the greatness of Thy love Dai-ly doth our sins re-move; Dai-ly, far as east from west,
3 Let our prayers each morn pre-vail, That these gifts may nev-er fail; And, as we con-fess the sin
4 As the morn-ing light re-turns, As the sun with splen-dor burns, Teach us still to turn to Thee,



Trib-ute with the ear-ly day: For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas-sion doth en-dure.
Lifts the bur-den from the breast; Gives unbought, to those who pray, Strength to stand in ev-il day.
And the tempter's power with-in, Feed us with the Bread of Life; Fit us for our dai-ly strife.
Ev-er-bless-ed Trin-i-ty, With our hands our hearts to raise, In un-fail-ing prayer and praise. A-MEN.



MORNING

Now when the Dusky Shades of Night

SUNRISE 11. 10. 11. 10.

The Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. ?(1804-), 1863

Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1872

1 Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing, Be - fore the sun's red ban - ner swift - ly flee;
 2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life un - seal - ing, When hill and dale in thick - est dark - ness lay,
 3 Look from the height of heaven, and send, to cheer us, Thy light and truth, and guide us on - ward still;

Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet-ing, O Lord! we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee,—
 A - woke bright rays a - cross the dim earth steal-ing, And bade the eve and morn com-plete the day.
 Still let Thy mer - cy, as of old, be near us, And lead us safe - ly to Thy ho - ly hill. A-MEN.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,
 Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
 Whose name by men and angels is confest. AMEN.

MORNING

When Morning Gilds the Skies

LAUDES DOMINI 6.6.6.6.6.6.

Tr. The Rev. Edward Caswall (1814-1878), 1849

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1868

1 When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
2 When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs, May Je - sus Christ be praised:

A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When ev - il thoughts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

- 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

- 4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

- 5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
May Jesus Christ be praised.

- 6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised. AMEN.

MORNING

For the Dear Love that Kept Us thro' the Night

ADORATION 10. 10. 10. 6.

William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871)

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1893

1 For the dear love that kept us thro' the night, And gave our senses to
 2 For the fresh life that thro' our being flows With its full tide to strength-

sleep's gen - tle sway; For the new mir - a - cle of dawn - ing light,
 en and to bless; For calm sweet thoughts, up - spring - ing from re - pose

Flush - ing the east with pro - phe - cies of day, — We thank Thee, O our God!
 To bear to Thee their song of thank - ful - ness, — We praise Thee, O our God! A - MEN.

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* This slur is to be omitted in the other stanzas; and in the 2d and 3d it should be placed over the first two notes of the preceding measure

MORNING

For the Dear Love that Kept Us thro' the Night — *Concluded*

3 Thou know'st our needs, Thy fulness will supply;
Our blindness, — let Thy hand still lead us on
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
Our prayer, one only, "Let Thy will be done!"
We breathe to Thee, O God! AMEN.

5

My Soul, Awake

BRACONDALE 4.4.6.4.4.6.

Jane Elizabeth Livock (1840-)

Josiah Booth (1852-)

1 My soul, a - wake, Thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light! With song a -
2 With cour - age drest, Strong-heart - ed, blest, Ful - fil thy work a - broad; Fear - less and
3 A - mid the strife Of dai - ly life, A - mid its noon - tide heat, Fear not to
4 In lib - er - ty Of ho - ly glee, Ac - cept thy child - hood's part; And thou shalt

rise, — Glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night.
true, Thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.
miss Thy se - cret bliss, — The rest of son - ship sweet.
find, By faith en - shrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart. A - MEN.

MORNING

5 O blessèd rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold,
And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

6 Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God,
Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Immanuel! AMEN.

At Thy Feet, O Christ, We Lay

BARMOUTH 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

The Rev. William Bright, M. A., D. D. (1824-)

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

1 At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day: Doubt of what it holds in store

Make us crave Thine aid the more: Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sa-viour, with Thy Cross. A-MEN.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless:
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies:
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart:
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise. AMEN.

MORNING

God, that madest Earth and Heaven

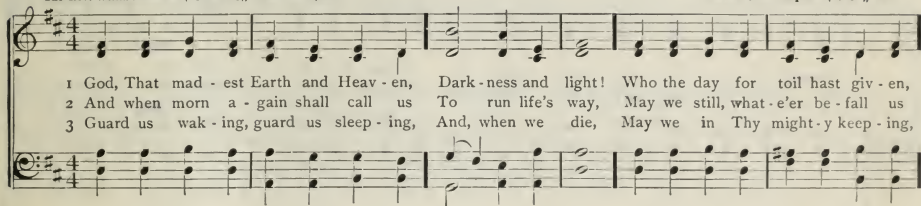
TEMPLE 8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826). v. 1

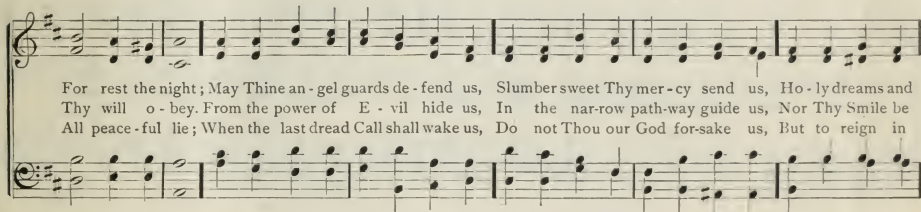
The Most Rev. Richard Whateley D.D. (1787-1863), 1860. v. 3

The Rev. William Mercer (1811-1873), 1864. vv. 2, 4

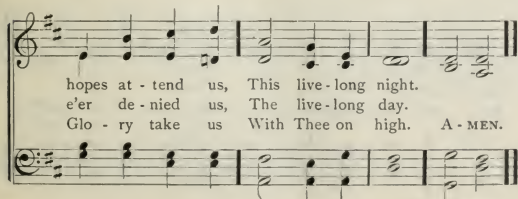
Edward John Hopkins (1818-), 1867



1 God, That mad - est Earth and Heav - en, Dark - ness and light! Who the day for toil hast giv - en,
2 And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way, May we still, what - e'er be - fall us
3 Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die, May we in Thy might - y keep - ing,



For rest the night; May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us, Slumbersweet Thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and
Thy will o - bey. From the power of E - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way guide us, Nor Thy Smile be
All peace - ful lie; When the last dread Call shall wake us, Do not Thou our God for - sake us, But to reign in



hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
e'er de - nied us, The live - long day.
Glo - ry take us With Thee on high. A - MEN.

- 4 Holy Father, throned in Heaven,
All Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given!
Blest Three in One!
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in worthier strains adore Thee,
Whilst ages run. AMEN.

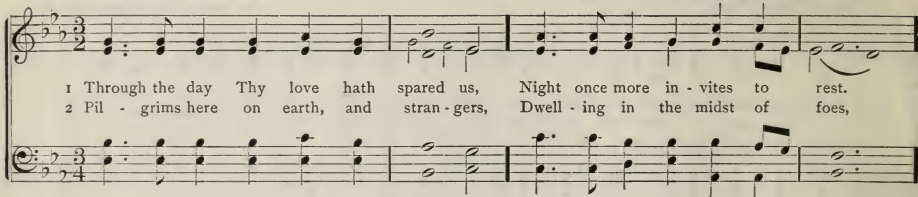
EVENING

Through the Day Thy Love hath Spared Us

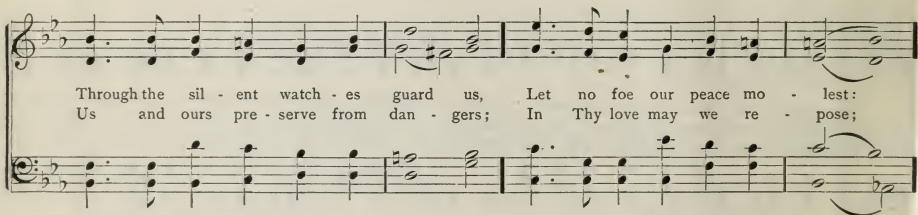
The Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769-1854), 1806

REST 8.7.8.7.7.7.

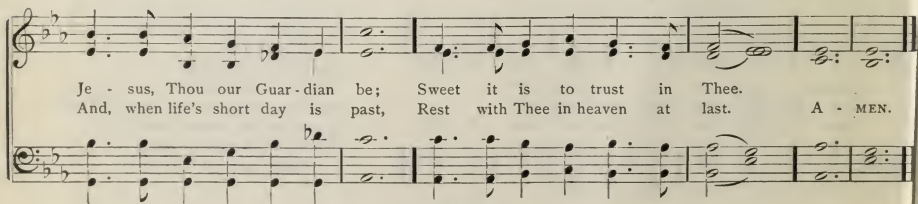
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1872



1 Through the day Thy love hath spared us, Night once more in - vites to rest.
2 Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Through the sil - ent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest:
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thy love may we re - pose;



Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last. A - MEN.

EVENING

The Day is gently Sinking to a Close

WORDSWORTH 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), 1862

Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1872

1 The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close; Faint - er and yet more faint the sun - light glows.

O Bright - ness of Thy Fa - ther's Glo - ry, Thou, E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now!

Where Thou art pres - ent, dark - ness can - not be; Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. AMEN.

2 Thou Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I!"

3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide! AMEN.

EVENING

The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away

ST. GABRIEL 8.8.8.4.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1864

The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1825-1889), 1868

1 The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store; The shad-ows of de-
 2 Our life is but an au-tumn day, Its glo-rious noon how quick-ly past! Lead us, O Christ, Thou
 3 O, by Thy soul-in-spir-ing grace Up-lift our hearts to realms on high; Help us to look to

part-ing day Creep on once more.
 Liv-ing Way, Safe home at last.
 that bright place Be-yond the sky, — A - MEN.

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all. AMEN.

The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away

RADIANT MORN 8.8.8.4.

(SECOND TUNE)

Charles François Gounod (1818-1893), 1872

1 The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store

EVENING

The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away — *Concluded*

The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A - MEN.

II

Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

HURSLEY L. M.

The Rev. John Keble (1792-1866), 1827

Melody by Peter Ritter (1760-1846), 1792
Arr. by William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O, let no earth - born
2 When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how
3 A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live; A - bid with me when
4 If some poor wan-dering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice Di - vine, Now, Lord, the gra - cious

cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin. AMEN.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

EVENING

Now the Day is Over

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-), 1865

MERRIAL 6.5.6.5.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1868

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the
 2 Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, With Thy tender - est
 3 Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors

even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
 bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 toss - ing On the deep blue sea. A - MEN.

even - ing Steal a - cross

- 4 Comfort every sufferer,
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil,
 From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes. AMEN.

Now the Day is Over

WYCOMBE 6.5.6.5.

(SECOND TUNE)

W. F. Hurndall

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - MEN.

EVENING

Abide with Me

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1847

William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1861

1 A - bide with me! fast falls the e'-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me' a - bide!
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit'-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glo-ries pass' a - way;
 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a pass'ing word; But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci'-ples, Lord,

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com'-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide' with me!
 Change and de-cay in all a-round' I see; O Thou, Who changest not, a-bide' with me!
 Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend-ing, pa'-tient, free, Come, not to so-journ, but a-bide', with me! AMEN.

- 4 Thou on my head in early youth' didst smile,
 And though rebellious and perverse' meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I' left Thee;
 On to the close, O Lord, abide' with me!
- 5 I need Thy Presence every pass'ing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the Temp'er's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay' can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide' with me!

- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand' to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit'terness;
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy vic'tory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide' with me!
- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos'ing eyes!
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to' the skies!
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad'ows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide' with me! AMEN.

The accents (') designate the adaptation when sung chantwise to Troyte Chant.

EVENING

The Shadows of the Evening Hours

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864), 1862

Henry Hiles (1826-), 1867

1 The shad-ows of the even-ing hours Fall from the darkening sky; Up - on the fra-grance of the flowers
 2 The sor-rows of Thy serv-ants, Lord, O, do not Thou de-spise, But let the in-cense of our prayers
 3 Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with-in the heart The hopes in earth-ly love and joy

The dews of even-ing lie: Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day; Look on Thy chil-dren
 Be - fore Thy mer-cy rise. The brightness of the com-ing night Up - on the darkness rolls; With hopes of fu-ture
 That one by one de-part. Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heavens shine; Give us, O Lord, fresh

from on high, And hear us while we pray.
 glo - ry, chase The shad-ows from our souls.
 hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine! A - MEN.

4 Let peace, O Lord, — Thy peace, O God, —
 Upon our souls descend;
 From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend.
 Give us a respite from our toil,
 Calm and subdue our woes;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
 O give us now repose! AMEN.

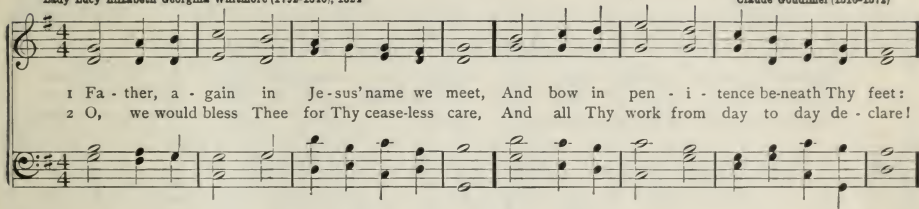
EVENING

Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet

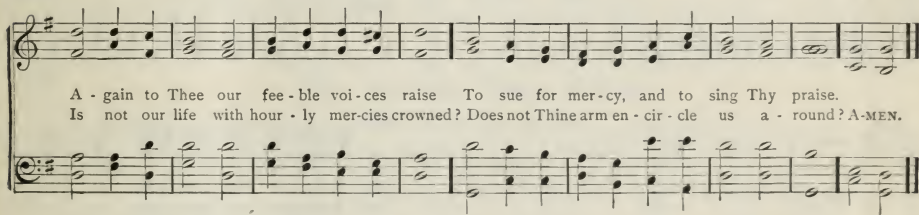
THE OLD 124th 10. 10. 10. 10.

Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgina Whitmore (1792-1840), 1824

Claude Goudimel (1510-1572)



1 Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet:
2 O, we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care, And all Thy work from day to day de - clare!



A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces raise To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies crowned? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round? A - MEN.

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O, by that Name in which all fulness dwells,
O, by that Love which every love excels,
O, by that Blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in. AMEN.

OPENING OF SERVICE

Lord, We Come before Thee Now

The Rev William Hammond (1719-1783), 1745

Voices in Unison

RAMOTH 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

1 Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum - bly bow: O, do not our
 2 In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, from hence we
 3 Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast

suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend;
 would not go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow. Send some mes - sage from Thy Word,
 down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope. Grant that all may seek and find

OPENING OF SERVICE

Lord, We Come before Thee Now — *Concluded*

The musical score for 'Lord, We Come before Thee Now' is presented in two systems. The first system features a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second system includes both a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and transitions to 'tempo.' (allegretto) for the final section. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

In com-pas-sion, now de-scent; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy spir-it now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
 Thee, a God su-preme-ly kind. Heal the sick; the cap-tive free: Let us all re-joice in Thee. AMEN.

17

We Love the Place, O God

QUAM DILECTA 6.6.6.

The Very Rev. William Bullock, D.D. (-1874), 1854, alt.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner, D.D., (1820-)

The musical score for 'We Love the Place, O God' is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1 We love the place, O God, Where-in Thine hon-or dwells; The joy of Thine a-bode All earth-ly joy ex-cels.
 2 It is the house of prayer, Where-in Thy servants meet; And Thou, O Lord, art there Thy cho-sen flock to greet. AMEN.

3 We love the Word of Life,
 The Word that tells of peace,
 Of comfort in the strife,
 And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
 For mercies freely given;
 But O! we long to know
 The triumph-song of heaven.

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
 On earth to love Thee more,
 In Heaven to see Thy face,
 And with Thy saints adore. AMEN.

OPENING OF SERVICE

God is in His Holy Temple

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1833
The Rev. Jonathan Evans (1749-1809)

Edward John Hopkins (1818-

1 God is in His ho - ly tem - ple; All the earth keep si - lence here;

Wor - ship Him in truth and spir - it; Re - v - erence Him with god - ly fear; Ho - ly, ho - ly

Lord of hosts, our God, ap - pear! A-MEN.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To Thy praise and glory live. AMEN.

OPENING OF SERVICE

Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty

NEANDER 8. 7-8. 7. 7-7.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), 1863

Joachim Neander (1610-1680), 1679

1 O - pen now Thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there; Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty
2 Yes, my God, I come be-fore Thee, Come Thou al-so down to me; When we find Thee and a-dore Thee,

Waits for Him who answers prayer: O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace.
There a heaven on earth must be. To my heart, O en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy Tem-ple now. A-MEN.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown,
Let my soul where it is planted
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy Gift Divine,
Howsoever temptations thicken;
May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife. AMEN.

Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

ETON COLLEGE 8.7.8.7.4.7.

The Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. (1740-1817), 1773

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1885

1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2 Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound;

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: O, re - fresh us,
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound; May Thy pres - ence

Trav - elling through this wil - der - ness.
With us ev - er - more be found! A - MEN.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day. AMEN.

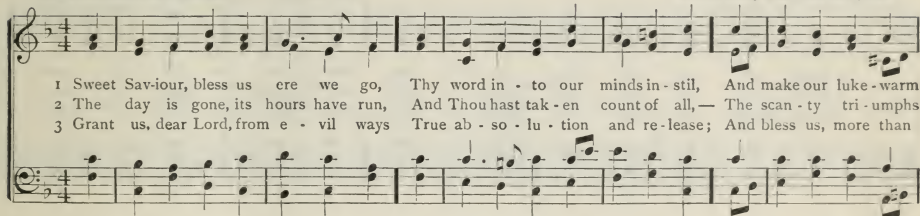
CLOSING OF SERVICE

Sweet Saviour, Bless Us ere We Go

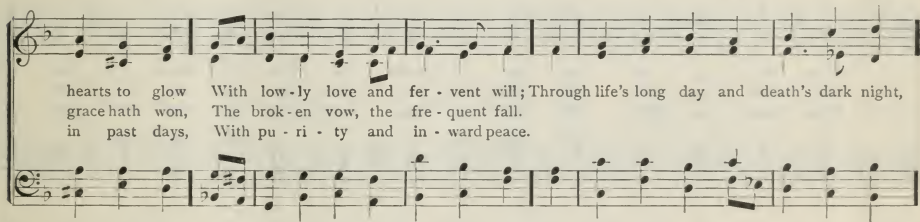
ST. MATTHIAS 8.8.8.8.8.8.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1849

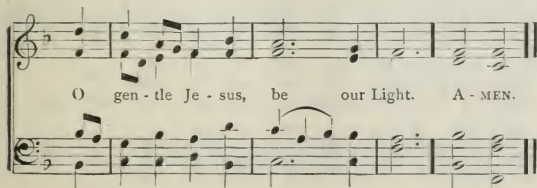
William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1862



1 Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in - stil, And make our luke - warm
 2 The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all, — The scan - ty tri - umphs
 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease; And bless us, more than



hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will; Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall.
 in past days, With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace.



O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - MEN.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts, without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's, etc.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad:
 Thou art our Jesus and our All
 Through life's, etc. AMEN.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

Lord of My Life, Whose Tender Care

WESSEX 8.6.8.6.8.8.

♩ Chelsea, 1838

Edward John Hopkins (1818-)

1 Lord of my life, Whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
 2 O may I dai - ly, hour - ly, strive In heav - en - ly grace to grow;
 3 With prayer my hum - ble praise I bring, For mer - cies day by day:

Here low - ly at the hour of prayer Be - fore Thy throne I bow;
 To Thee and to Thy glo - ry live, Dead else to all be - low;
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing, Lord, teach me how to pray!

I bless Thy gra - cious hand, and pray For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.
 Tread in the path my Sav - iour trod, Though thorn - y, yet the path to God!
 All that I have, I am, to Thee I of - fer through e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

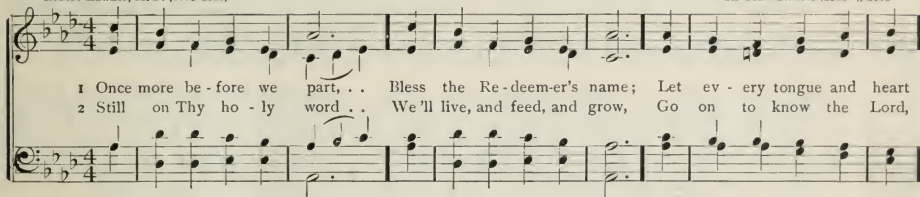
Once More before We Part

THE BLESSED HOME 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

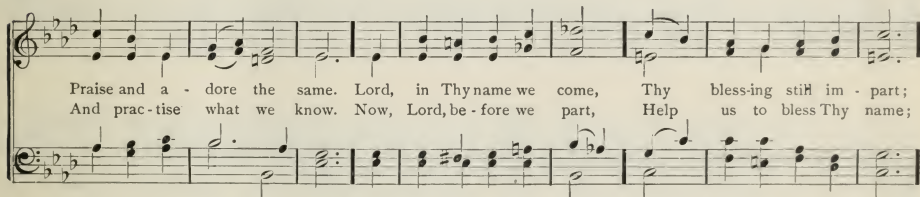
Joseph Hart (1712-1768)

Robert Hawker, M. D. (1753-1827)

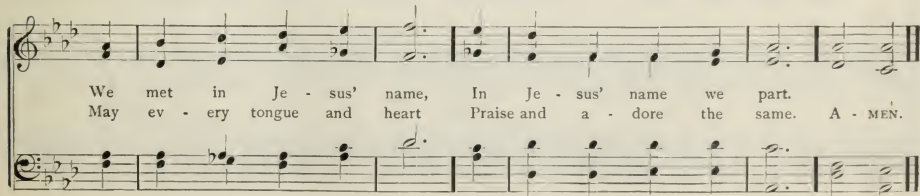
Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1872



1 Once more be - fore we part, . . Bless the Re - deem - er's name; Let ev - ery tongue and heart
2 Still on Thy ho - ly word . . We'll live, and feed, and grow, Go on to know the Lord,



Praise and a - dore the same. Lord, in Thy name we come, Thy blessing still im - part;
And prac - tise what we know. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless Thy name;



We met in Je - sus' name, In Je - sus' name we part.
May ev - ery tongue and heart Praise and a - dore the same. A - MEN.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

The Rev. John Ellerton, M. A. (1826-1893), 1866

Voices in Unison

Edward John Hopkins (1818-), 1865

I Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise,

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name — *Continued*

2 Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;

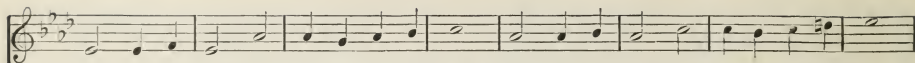
This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat). The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.

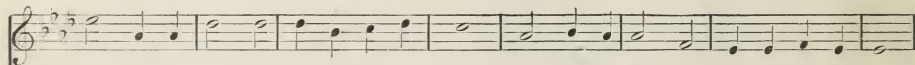
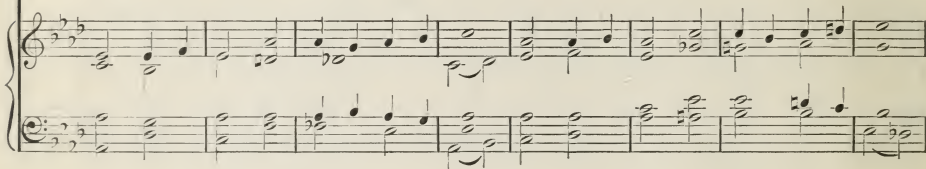
This musical system also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

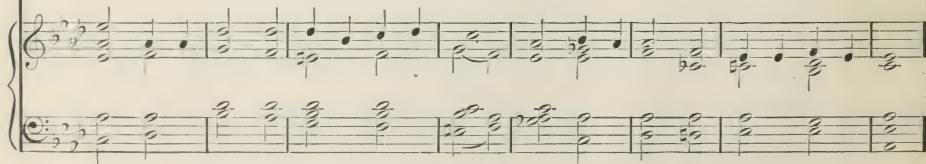
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name — *Continued*



3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;

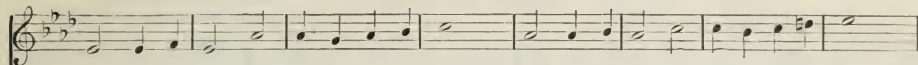


From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

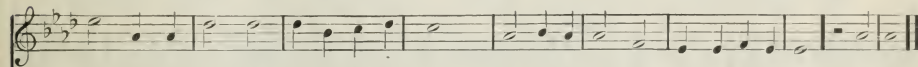
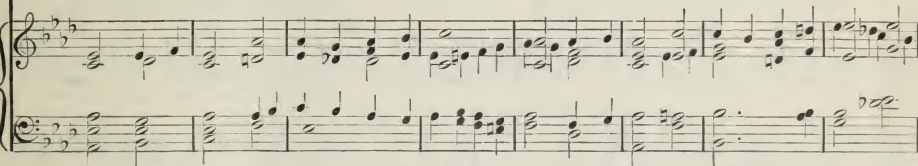


CLOSING OF SERVICE

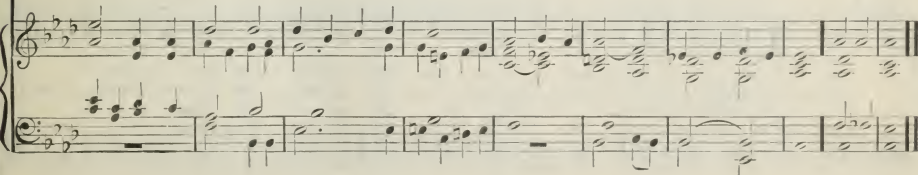
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name — *Concluded*



4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;



Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A-MEN.



CLOSING OF SERVICE

O Word of God Incarnate

MUNICH 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How (1823-), 1857

Harmonized by Mendelssohn. Author unknown

1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-
 2 The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift Di - vine, And still that light she

chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the
 lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the gold - en cas - ket, Where gems of

hal - lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 truth are stored; It is the heaven - drawn pict - ure Of Christ, the Liv - ing Word. A - MEN.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

O Word of God Incarnate—*Concluded*

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. AMEN.

26

Lord, Thy Word Abideth

ST. CYPRIAN 6.6.6.6.

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877), 1861

The Rev. Richard Robert Chope (1830-), 1862

1 Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth; Who its truth be - liev - eth,
2 When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us, Word of con - so - la - tion,
3 When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us, Then its light di - rect - eth,
4 Who can tell the pleas - ure, Who re - count the treas - ure, By Thy Word im - part - ed

Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
Mes - sage of sal - va - tion.
And our way pro - tect - eth.
To the sim - ple heart - ed? A - MEN.

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! AMEN.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

Holy, Holy, Holy

NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826)

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861

1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
 2 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns

song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three
 around the glass - y sea, Cheru - bim and Sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and

Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - MEN.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky
 and sea;
 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! AMEN

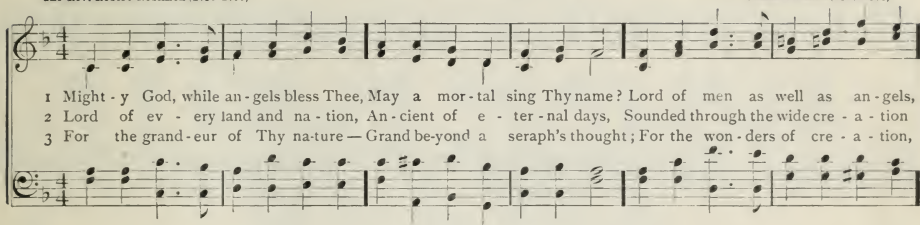
PRAISE TO GOD

Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

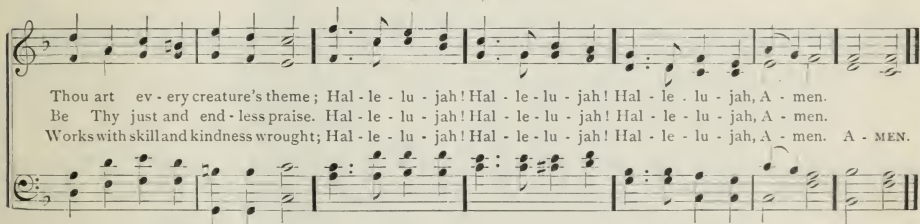
The Rev. Robert Robinson (1733-1790)

KENSINGTON NEW 8.7.8.7.4.4.6.

James Tilliard (1827-1876)



- 1 Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name? Lord of men as well as an - gels,
 2 Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days, Sounded through the wide cre - a - tion
 3 For the grand - eur of Thy na - ture — Grand beyond a seraph's thought; For the won - ders of cre - a - tion,



- Thou art ev - ery creature's theme; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
 Be Thy just and end - less praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
 Works with skill and kindness wrought; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - MEN.

- 4 For Thy providence that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Amen.
- 5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
 Thought is poor, and poor expression;
 Who dare sing that awful song?
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Amen.

- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Amen.
- 7 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 All to ransom guilty captives,
 Flow, my praise, forever flow.
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, Amen. AMEN.

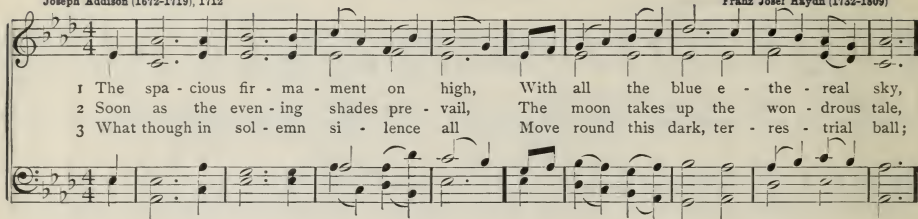
PRAISE TO GOD

The Spacious Firmament on High

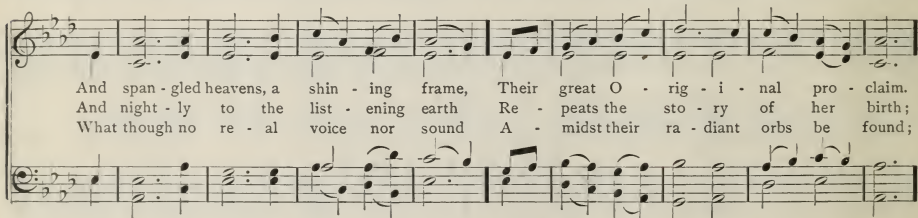
CREATION L. M. D.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 1712

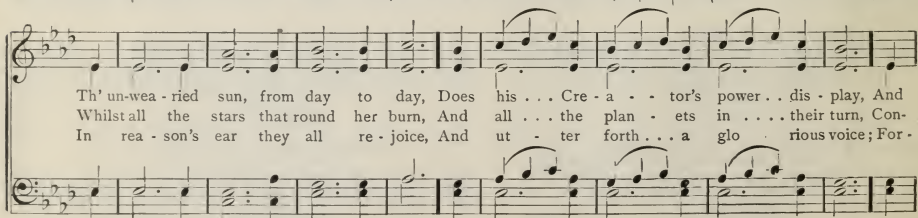
Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)



1 The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
2 Soon as the even - ing shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale,
3 What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark, ter - res - trial ball;



And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
And night - ly to the list - ening earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;



Th' un - wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his . . . Cre - a - - tor's power . . dis - play, And
Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all . . . the plan - ets in . . . their turn, Con -
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth . . . a glo - rious voice; For -

PRAISE TO GOD

The Spacious Firmament on High — *Concluded*

pub - lish - es . . . to ev - ery land The work . . . of an . . . Al - might - y hand.
 firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth . . . from pole to pole.
 ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di - vine." A - MEN.

30 Lord of all Being, Throned Afar

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), 1848

STRATFORD L. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

1 Lord of all be-ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere,
 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, Thy softened light
 3 Our mid-night is Thy smile withdrawn; Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn; Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;

Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.
 Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
 All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine. A - MEN.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
 Before Thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
 And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
 Till all Thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame. AMEN.

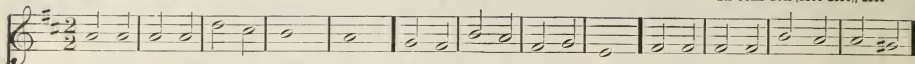
PRAISE TO GOD

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

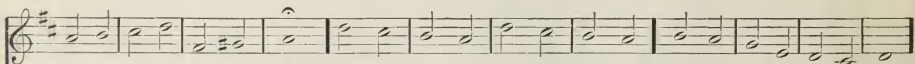
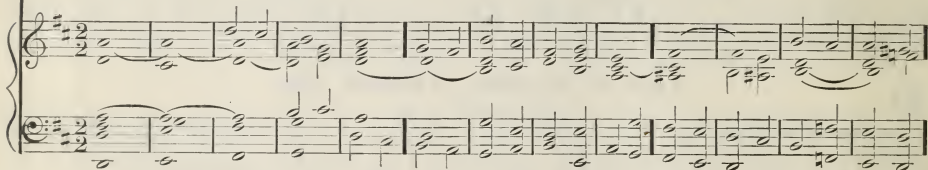
BENEDIC ANIMA 8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1834

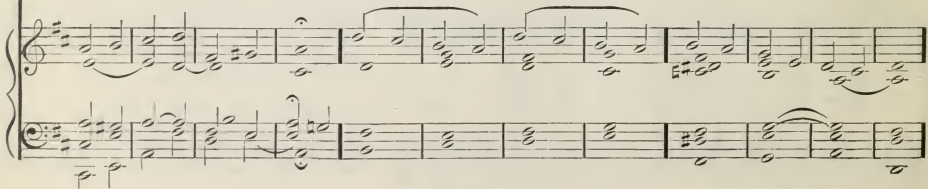
Sir John Goss (1800-1880), 1869



I Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, for - giv - en,

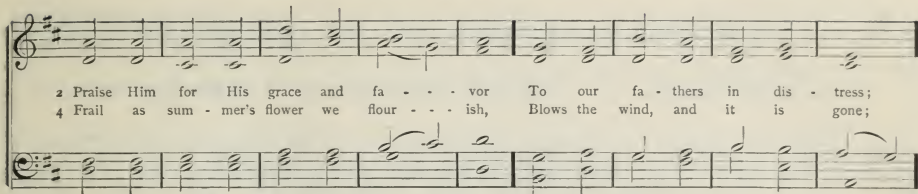


Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

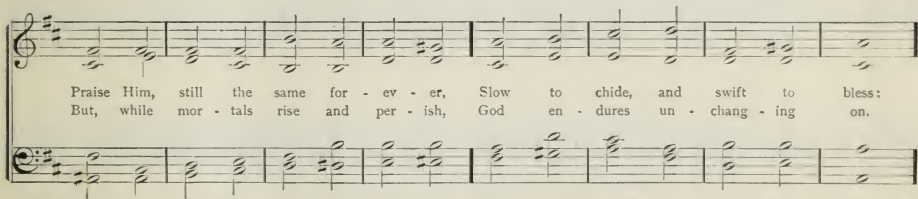


PRAISE TO GOD

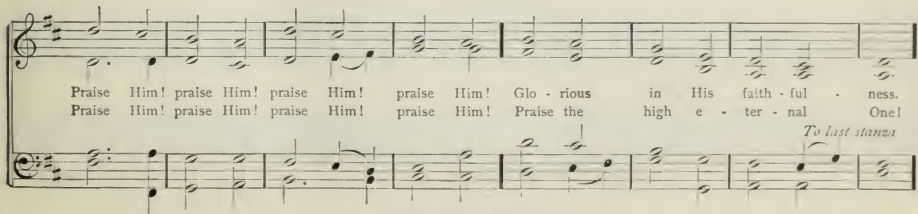
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven — *Continued*



2 Praise Him for His grace and fa - - - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
4 Frail as sum - mer's flower we flour - - - ish, Blows the wind, and it is gone;



Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.

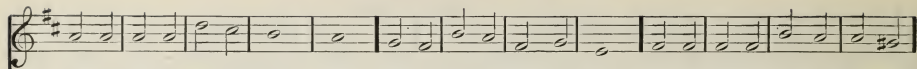


Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! high e - ter - nal One!

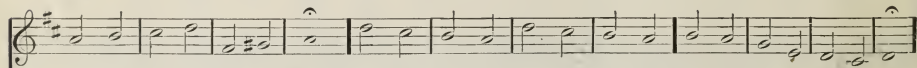
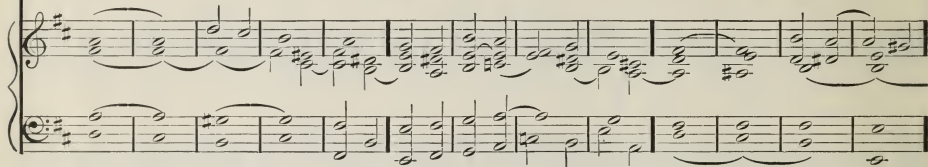
To last stanza

PRAISE TO GOD

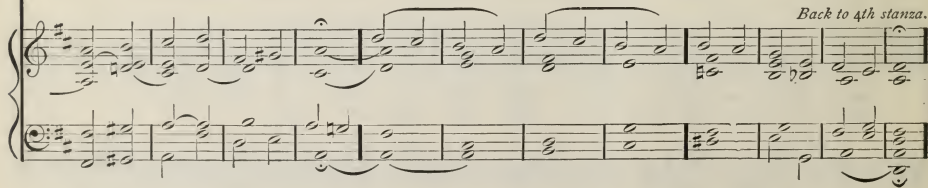
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven — *Continued*



3 Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us ; Well our fee - ble frame He knows : In His hands He gen - tly bears us,



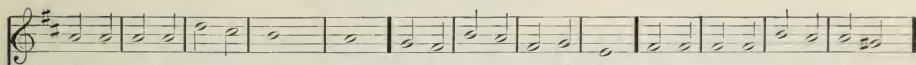
Res - cues us from all our -foes ; Praise Him ! praise Him ! praise Him ! praise Him ! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.



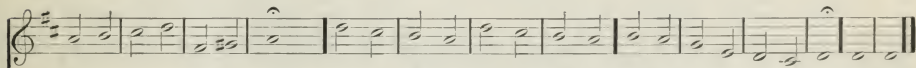
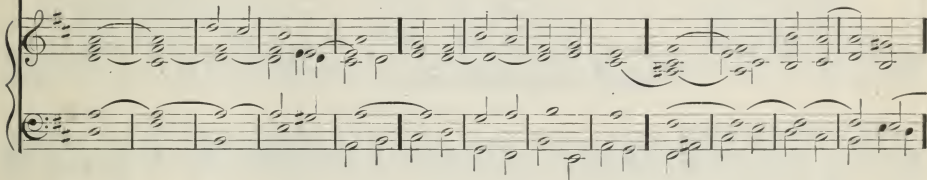
Back to 4th stanza.

PRAISE TO GOD

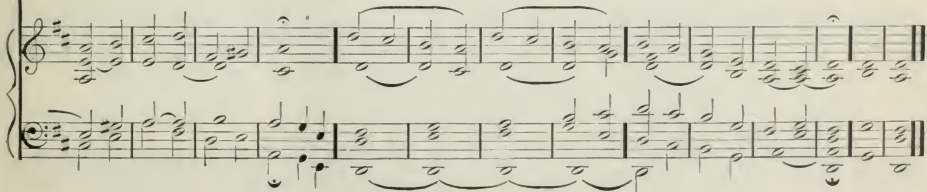
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven — *Concluded*



5 An-gels, help us to a - dore Him: Ye be - hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Dwell-ers all in time and space, Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A - MEN.



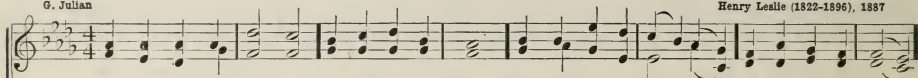
PRAISE TO GOD

Hark! the Voice Eternal

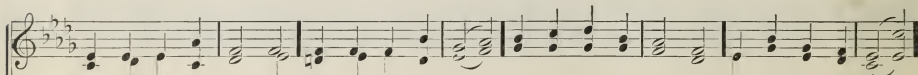
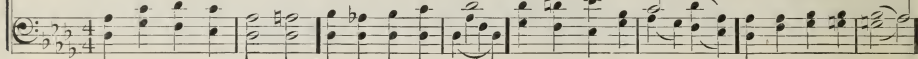
OSWESTRY 6.5. 12 lines

G. Julian

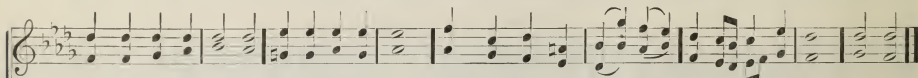
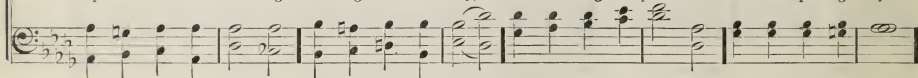
Henry Leslie (1822-1896), 1887



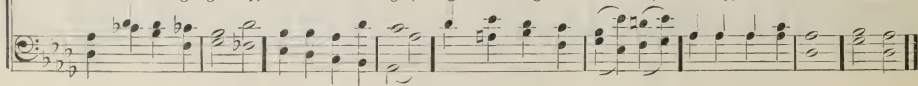
- 1 Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in maj - es - ty, Call - ing in - to be - ing Earth, and sea, and sky;
 2 Bright the world and glo - rious, Calm both earth and sea, No - ble in its grand - eur Stood man's pu - ri - ty:
 3 Long the na - tions wait - ed, Through the troubled night, Look - ing, long - ing, yearn - ing For the promised light.



Hark! in count - less num - bers All the an - gel - throng Hail Cre - a - tion's morn - ing With one burst of song.
 Came the great trans - gres - sion, Came the sadden - ing fall, Death and des - o - la - tion Breath - ing o - ver all.
 Proph - ets saw the morn - ing Break - ing far a - way, Min - strels sang the splen - dor Of that open - ing day.



High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reign, O King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.
 Still in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reigned the King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.
 Whilst in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reigned the King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite. A - MEN.



PRAISE TO GOD

Hark! the Voice Eternal — *Concluded*

4 Brightly dawned the advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
'Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honor
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite. AMEN.

33

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

FAITHFUL 7.7.7.7.

John Milton (1608-1674), 1623

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)

Let us with a gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind; For His mer - cies aye en - dure,

Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His, etc.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His, etc.

4 Caused the golden-tressed sun
All day long his course to run;
For His, etc.

5 And the moon to shine by night,
'Mong her spangled sisters bright;
For His, etc.

6 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His, etc.

7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For His, etc.

8 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His, etc.

9 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His great majesty and worth;
For His, etc. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

The Strain Upraise of Joy and Praise

THE STRAIN UPRaise

S. Nother, about 862

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1854

William Hayes (1707-1777), 1740

Adapted by Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte (1811-1857)

The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle - lu - ia! To the glory of their King shall the ransomed people sing,

Alle - lu - ia! Alle - lu - ia! A - MEN.

And the choirs that | dwell on high || Shall re-echo | through
the sky || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

They in the rest of Para | dise who dwell || The blessed ones
with joy the | chorus swell || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

The planets beaming on their | heavenly way || The shining
constellations | join and say || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on | pinions light ||
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings | wildly
bright || In sweet con | sent unite || Your Alle | luia!

Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and | winter snow ||
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar-frost and | summer
glow || Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious |
forests sing || Alle | luia!

First let the birds with painted | plumage gay || Exalt their
great Creator's | praise and say || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!
Then let the beasts of earth with | varying strain || Join in
creation's hymn and | cry again || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!
Here let the mountains thunder forth so | norous || Alle |
luia || There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus ||
Alle | luia!

Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean cry || Alle | luia || Ye tracts of
earth and conti | nents reply || Alle | luia!

To God, who all cre | ation made || The frequent hymn be |
duly paid || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain the Lord Al | mighty
loves || Alle | luia || This is the song, the heavenly song
that Christ the | King approves || Alle | luia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a | waking || Alle |
luia || And children's voices echo answer | making || Alle |
luia!

Now from all men | be outpoured || Alleluia | to the Lord ||
With Alleluia | evermore || The Son and Spirit | we
adore.

Praise be done to the | Three in One || Alle | luia || Alle | luia ||
Alle | luia || AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Sing to the Lord a Joyful Song

KOENIG L. M. D.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monseell, LL. D. (1811-1875), 1863

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1872

1 Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi-ces raise ; To us His gra-cious gifts be-long,
 2 For life and love, for rest and food, For dai-ly help and nightly care, Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 3 For strength to those who on Him wait, His truth to prove, His will to do, Praise ye our God, for He is great ;
 4 For life be-low, with all its bliss, And for that life, more pure and high, That in-ner life which o-ver this

Voices in Unison

To Him our songs of love and praise. For He is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
 And praise His name, for it is fair. For He is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
 Trust in His name, for it is true. For He is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
 Shall ev-er shine, and nev-er die,—Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,

Voices in Unison

The Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, To Whom be praise for ev-er-more. A-MEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Round the Lord in Glory Seated

MOULTRIE 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. (1776-1848), 1837

Gerard Francis Cobb, A.M. (1838-

1 Round the Lord, in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Filled His tem - ple,
 2 Heaven is still with glo - ry ring - ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly,
 3 "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be

and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn: "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,
 ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High." With His ser - aph train be - fore Him,
 glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord." Thus the glo - rious Name con - fess - ing,

Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
 With His ho - ly Church be - low, Thus conspire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
 We a - dopt the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," blessing Thee, the Lord of hosts most High. A - MEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Above the Clear Blue Sky

CHILDREN'S VOICES 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4.

The Rev. John Chandler (1806-1876), 1841

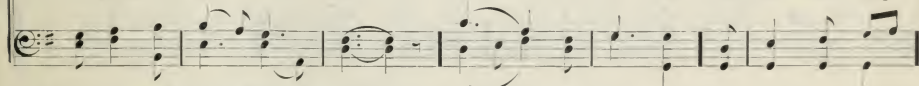
Edward John Hopkins (1818-)



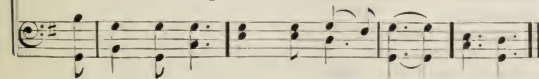
1 A - bove the clear blue sky, In Heav-en's bright a - bode, The an - gel host on high
 2 But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise, We then our cheer - ful songs
 3 O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To us Thy babes im - part, And teach us in our youth



Sing prais - es to their God. Al - - - le - lu - ia! They love to sing
 In sweet ac - cord will raise. Al - - - le - lu - ia! We too will sing
 To know Thee as Thou art. Al - - - le - lu - ia! Then shall we sing



To God their King; Al - le - lu - ia!
 To God our King; Al - le - lu - ia!
 To God our King; Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.



4 O may Thy holy Word
 Spread all the world around;
 And all with one accord
 Uplift the joyful sound.
 Alleluia!
 All then shall sing
 To God their King;
 Alleluia! AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!

NEWCASTLE 8.6.8.8.6.

The Rev. Thomas Binney, D.D., LL.D. (1798-1874), 1826

Henry L. Morley

1 E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight,
2 The spir - its that surround Thy throne May bear the burn - ing bliss; But that is sure - ly theirs a - lone,

It shrinks not, but, with calm de - light, Can live, and look on Thee!
Since they have nev - er, nev - er known A fall - en world like this. A - MEN.

3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love. AMEN.

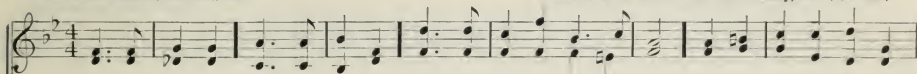
PRAISE TO GOD

Angels Holy, High and Lowly

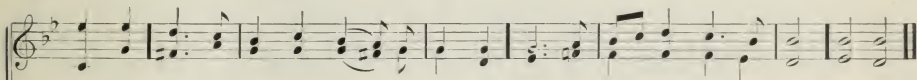
ST. WINIFRED'S 4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

John Stuart Blackie (1809-1895), 1835

The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart. (1825-1889)



1 An-gels ho - ly, High and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv - ing
 2 Sun and moon, bright, Night and moonlight; Star - ry tem - ples, a - zure-floored; Cloud and rain, and wild wind's
 3 O - cean hoar - y, Tell His glo - ry; Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared; Pulse of wa - ters, blithe - ly



na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
 mad-ness, Sons of God, that shout for glad - ness. Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
 beat - ing, Wave ad - vanc - ing, wave re - treat - ing, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord! A - MEN.



4 Rolling river,
 Praise Him ever,
 From the mountains' deep vein poured;
 Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
 Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

5 Praise Him ever,
 Bounteous Giver;
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each glad voice its free song singing,
 Praise the great and mighty Lord! AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts

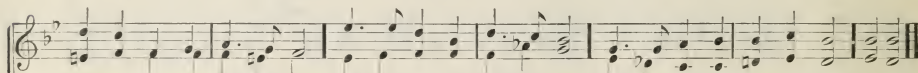
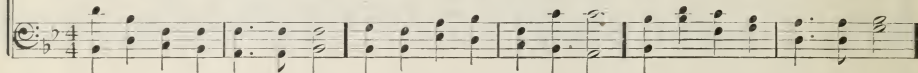
ST. ATHANASIUS 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. (1807-1885), 1853

Edward John Hopkins (1818-)



1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King, By the heavens and earth a - dored;
 2 Thousands, tens of thou - sands, stand Spir - its blest, be - fore Thy throne, Speeding thence at Thy com - mand;
 3 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Veil their fa - ces with their wings; Eyes of an - gels are too dim



An - gels and arch-an - gels sing, Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 And, when Thy command is done, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 To be - hold the King of kings, While they sing e - ter - nal - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. AMEN.



4 Thee apostles, prophets, Thee,
 Thee, the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee;
 Thee the Church in every land:
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Join we with the heavenly Host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessèd Trinity. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Ye Holy Angels Bright

The Rev. Richard Baxter (1615-1691)

ST. GREGORY 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

1 Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or through the realms of light Fly at your
2 Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race, And now, from sin re - leased, Be - hold the

Lord's command! As - sist our song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.
Sav - iour's face! God's prais - es sound, As in His light, With sweet de-light, Ye do a - bound. A - MEN.

* Small notes for the Organ only

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
Take what He gives;
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise! AMEN

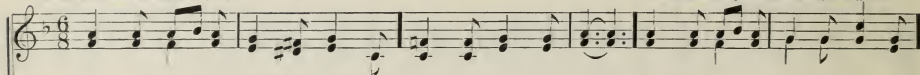
PRAISE TO GOD

Angel Voices, Ever Singing

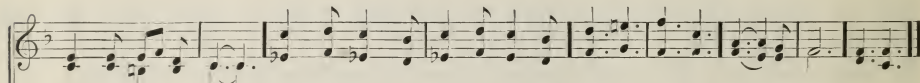
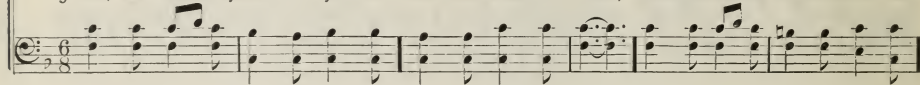
ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.4.3.

The Rev. Francis Pott (1832-), 1861

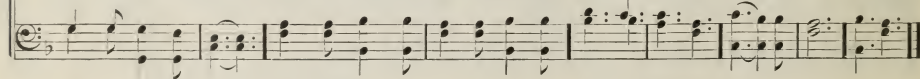
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872



1 An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light — An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,
 2 Thou, Who art be - yond the farth - est Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re - gard - est
 3 Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine; Thou didst ears and hands and voi - ces



Rest not day nor night. Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
 Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 For Thy praise com - bine; Craftsman's art and mu - sic's meas - ure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign. A - MEN.



4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity!
 Of the best that Thou hast given
 Earth and heaven
 Render Thee. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

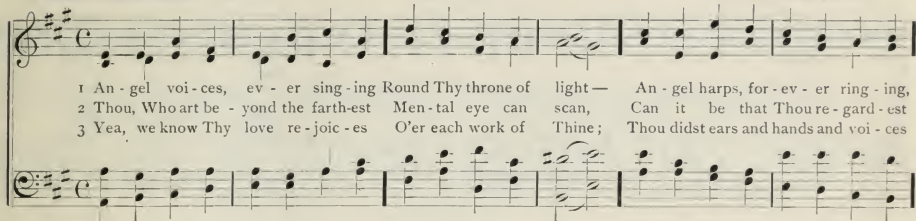
Angel Voices, Ever Singing

WORSHIP 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3.

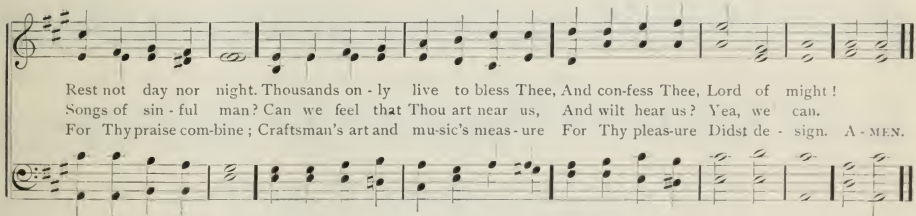
The Rev. Francis Pott (1832-), 1861

(SECOND TUNE)

Oliver King (1855-



1 An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light — An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,
 2 Thou, Who art be - yond the farth - est Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re - gard - est
 3 Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine; Thou didst ears and hands and voi - ces



Rest not day nor night. Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might !
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4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee ;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, .
 Blessed Trinity !
 Of the best that Thou hast given
 Earth and heaven
 Render Thee. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

O Praise Ye the Lord

HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

Nahum Tate (1652-1715), 1696

William Croft (1677-1727), 1708

I O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the great As-sembly to sing;

In their great Cre-a-tor let Is-rael re-joice; And chil-dren of Si-on be glad in their King. A-MEN.

- 2 Let them His great Name extol in their songs,
 With hearts well attuned His praises express:
 Who always takes pleasure to hear their glad tongues,
 And waits with salvation the humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
 To God, Who their heads with safety doth shield;
 Such honor and triumph His favor shall bring:
 O therefore for ever all praise to Him yield! AMEN.

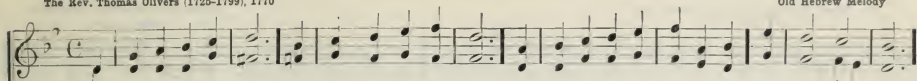
PRAISE TO GOD

The God of Abraham Praise

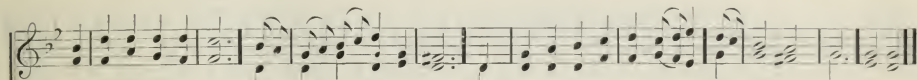
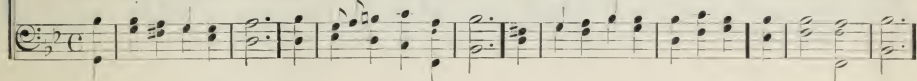
LEONI 6. 6. 8. 4. 6. 6. 8. 4.

The Rev. Thomas Olivers (1725-1799), 1770

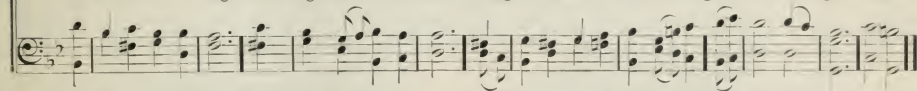
Old Hebrew Melody



- 1 The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above ; An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love ;
 2 The God of Abraham praise, At Whose supreme com - mand From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand :
 3 He by Himself hath sworn, I on His oath de - pend, I shall, on an - gel - wings upborne, To heaven as - cend :
 4 There dwells the Lord, our King, The Lord, our Righteousness, Triumphant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace ;



- Je - ho - vah, Great I AM, By earth and heaven confessed ; I bow and bless the sacred Name, For ev - er blessed.
 I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power ; And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tower.
 I shall be - hold His face, I shall His power a - dore, And sing the wonders of His grace Forev - er - more !
 On Si - on's sa - cred height His king - dom He main - tains, And, glorious with His saints in light, For ev - er reigns. AMEN.



- 5 The God, Who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing ;
 And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King.
 Who was, and is the same,
 And evermore shall be ;
 Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
 We worship Thee."

- 6 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise ! AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

O Worship the King

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Sir Robert Grant, G. C. H. (1779-1838), 1833

Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806)

1 O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly sing His power and His love;

Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A - MEN.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Come, Thou Almighty King!

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

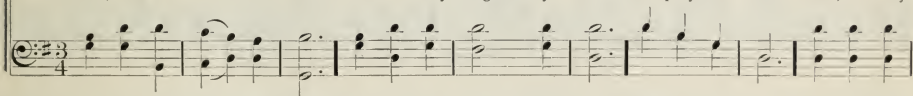
The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1757

Felice de Giardini (1716-1796), 1769



1 Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther! All -

2 Come, thou In - car - nate Word! Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy



- glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.

peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess; Spir - it of Ho - li - ness! On us de - scend. A - MEN.



3 Come, Holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of Power!

4 To the great One in Three
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore. AMEN.

Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

CANONBURY L. M.

Tr. The Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. (1808-1887), 1858

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

I Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - MEN.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,—
 To them that find Thee, All in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feed upon Thee still!
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,—
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
 Make all our moments calm and bright!
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light! AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

O Saviour, Precious Saviour

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1870

Henry Smart (1812-1879)

1 O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom yet un-seen we love, O Name of might and fav-or,
 2 O Bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who won-drous-ly hast wrought, Thy-self the rev-el-a-tion
 3 In Thee all ful-ness dwell-eth, All grace and power di-vine; The glo-ry that ex-cell-eth,

All oth-er names a-bove! We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a-lone we sing;
 Of love be-yond our thought! We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a-lone we sing;
 O Son of God, is Thine! We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a-lone we sing;

4 O, grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration,
 And everlasting love!
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our King.

AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Rejoice, the Lord is King

GOPSAL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1746

George Friedrich Händel (1685-1759), 1750

I Re-joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a-dore; Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, . .

And tri-umph ev-er more: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Re-joyce, a-gain I say, re-joyce. A-MEN.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's Right Hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His Feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal Home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice! AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Conquering Kings Their Titles Take

INNOCENTS (DURHAM) 7. 7. 7. 7.

Tr. The Rev. John Chandler (1806-1876), 1837

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi ? (1710-1736)

Con - quering kings their ti - tles take, From the foes they cap - tive make:

Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thou - sands He hath freed. A - MEN.

2 Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye hardly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death, but victory.

5 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

MARION S. M.

The Very Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D. D. (1821-1891), 1865

Arthur Henry Messiter (1831-), 1883

1 Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing — Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high :
 2 Bright youth and snow-crown'd age, Strong men and maid - ens meek, Raise high your free ex - ult - ing song,

The Cross of Christ your King. Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.
 God's won-drous prais-es speak. Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A-MEN.

Re-joyce, re-joyce,

- 3 Yes onward, onward still,
 With hymn, and chant, and song,
 Through gate, and porch, and column'd aisle,
 The hallowed pathways throng.
- 4 With all the angel choirs,
 With all the saints on earth,
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
 True rapture, noblest mirth.
- 5 With voice as full and strong
 As ocean's surging praise,
 Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
 The psalms of ancient days.

- 6 Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.
- 7 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's House,
 Jerusalem the blest.
- 8 Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The Cross of Christ, your King. AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

For the Beauty of the Earth

HEATHLANDS 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, M. A. (1835-), 1864

Henry Smart (1812-1879)

1 For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies, For the Love which from our birth

O - ver and a - round us lies, Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise. A-MEN.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great Love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in Heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise. AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

LAUD C. M.

The Rev. Edward Perronet (-1792), 1779

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1862

I All hail the power of Je - sus' Name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, To crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall;
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every tribe and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The Crownèd Lord of all! AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Of the Father's Love Begotten

CORDE NATUS 15. 15. 15. 7.

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. (1813-1866), 1861

Tr. The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, M. A., Bart. (1821-1877), 1861

Ancient Melody

1 Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten, ere the worlds be - gan to be, He the Al - pha and O -
 2 At His word the worlds were fram - ed; He com-mand-ed; it was done; Heaven and earth and depths of
 3 This is He Whom seers in old time chanted of with one ac - cord; Whom the voic - es of the
 4 O ye heights of Heaven a - dore Him! An - gel hosts His prais - es sing! All do - min - ions bow be -
 5 Christ, to Thee — with God the Fa - ther, and O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee Hymn and chant, and high thanks-

- me - ga, He the Source — the End - ing He Of the things that are, that have been,
 o - cean in their three - fold or - der one; All that grows be - neath the shin - ing
 Proph - ets prom - ised in their faith - ful word; Now He shines, the Long Ex - pect - ed;
 - fore Him, and ex - tol our God and King; Let no tongue on earth be si - lent,
 - giv - ing, and un - wea - ried prais - es be, Hon - or, glo - ry, might, do - min - ion

and that fu - ture years shall see, . . Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 of the moon and burn - ing sun . . Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 let Cre - a - tion praise its Lord . . Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 ev - ery voice in con - cert ring . . Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 and e - ter - nal vic - to - ry, . . Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!

A - MEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Love Divine, all Loves Excelling

ST. JOSEPH 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1746

Edward John Hopkins (1818-), 1872

1 Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, — Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing,

All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown: Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart. A-MEN.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit

Into every troubled breast!

Let us all in Thee inherit,

Let us find Thy promised rest.

Take away the love of sinning;

Alpha and Omega be;

End of faith, as its Beginning,

Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!

Let us all Thy Life receive;

Suddenly return, and never,

Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,

Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;

Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;

Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;

Pure and spotless let us be:

Let us see our whole salvation

Perfectly secured by Thee!

Changed from glory into glory,

Till in heaven we take our place;

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

A-MEN.

Love Divine, all Loves Excelling

BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1746

(SECOND TUNE)

John Zundel (1815-1882), 1870

1 Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing,

All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart. A - MEN.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest.
 Take away the love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its Beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy Life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

AMEN.

My Song is Love Unknown

ST. JOHN 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

The Very Rev. Samuel Crossman, D.D. (1624-1683)

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1887

1 My song is love unknown, My Saviour's love to me; Love to the love-less shown, That they might
2 He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow: But men made strange, and none The longed-for

love - ly be. O who am I, That for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
Christ would know. But O, my Friend, My Friend in-deed, Who at my need His life did spend. A-MEN.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away,
A murderer they save:
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

My Song is Love Unknown — *Concluded*

6 In life, no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death, no friendly tomb,
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say?
 Heaven was His home;
 But mine the tomb
 Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine;
 Never was love, dear King!
 Never was grief like Thine.
 This is my Friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend. AMEN.

57

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

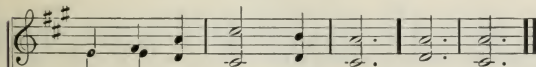
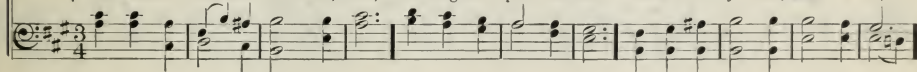
ST. AGNES C. M.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), 1130
 Tr. The Rev. Edward Caswall (1814-1878), 1849

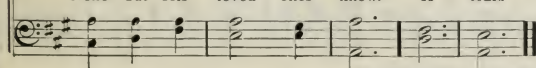
The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1858



1 Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this, Nor tongue nor pen can show: The love of Je - sus, what it is,



And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 How good to those who seek!
 None but His loved ones know. A - MEN.



5 O Jesus! Light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire!

6 Jesus, my only joy be Thou,
 As Thou my prize wilt be;
 Jesus, be Thou my glory now,
 And through eternity. AMEN.

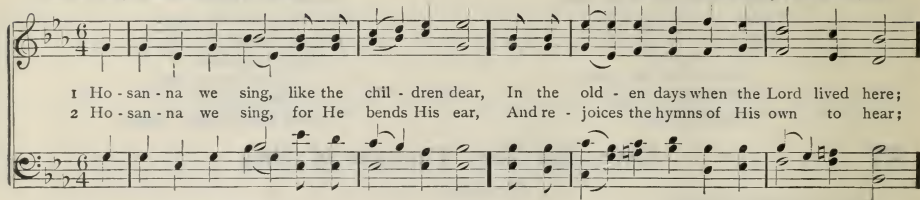
PRAISE TO CHRIST

Hosanna We Sing, Like the Children Dear

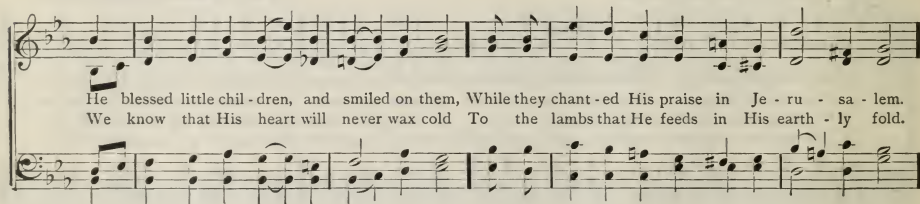
HOSANNA 10. 10. 10. 11. 11. 10. 11. 11.

The Rev. George Samuel Hodges (1827-), 1874

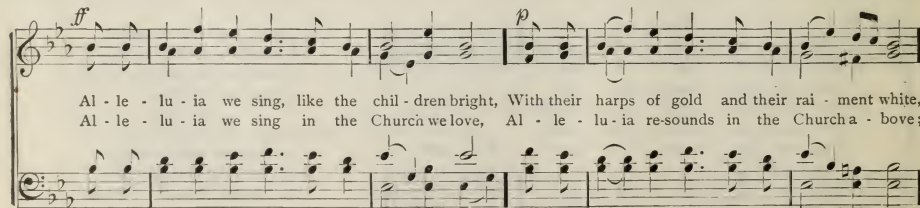
The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1876



1 Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the Lord lived here;
2 Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joices the hymns of His own to hear;



He blessed little chil - dren, and smiled on them, While they chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
We know that His heart will never wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.



ff Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
p Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le - lu - ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove;

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Hosanna We Sing, Like the Children Dear — *Concluded*

As they follow their Shepherd with lov-ing eyes Through the beautiful valleys of Par - a - dise.
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A - MEN.

59

Jesus, High in Glory

HOLY PRAISE 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

J. Erskine Clark, 1847

Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1872

1 Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listen-ing ear; When we bow be - fore Thee, Children's prais-es hear.
2 Save us, Lord, from sin-ning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way:—

Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heaven's Almight-y King, Thou wilt stoop to list - en, When Thy praise we sing.
Then, when Je - sus calls us To our heavenly home, We would gladly an-swer, "Saviour, Lord, we come." AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

When, in the Lord Jehovah's Name

PACKER 8.8.8.8.10.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871), 1844

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1895

1 When, in the Lord Je - ho - vah's name, The Sav-iour low - ly rid - ing came, Loudest and first an in - fant thron

Greet-ed His com - ing with their song, Ho-san na, Ho-san - na in the high - est! A - MEN.

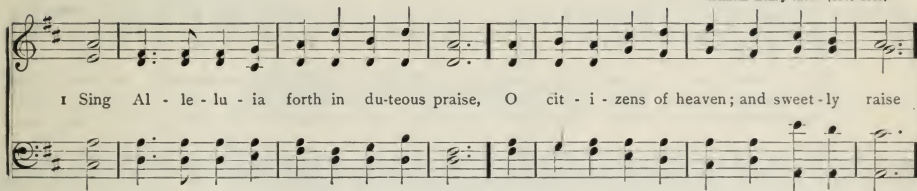
- 2 We too are taught to know the Lord,
To fear His name, to read His Word;
And though we simple are and young,
Can praise Him with our joyful song,
Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by
To judgment from His throne on high;
And from the saints' assembled throng
Shall burst upon the world the song,
Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 Then may our youthful band be found
With coronals of triumph crowned;
Raising, the heavenly hosts among,
Our chorus of eternal song,
Hosanna in the highest! AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

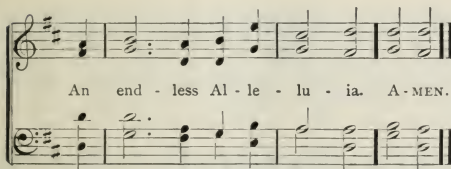
Sing Alleluia forth in Duteous Praise

ALLELUIA PERENNE 10.10.7.

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)



1 Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du-teous praise, O cit - i - zens of heaven; and sweet-ly raise



An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

2 Ye Powers who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this:
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King:
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack, —
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory forevermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. AMEN.

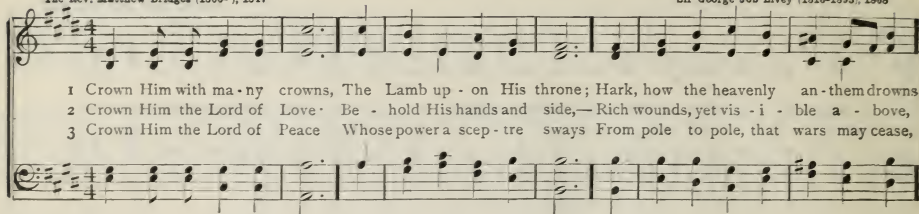
PRAISE TO CHRIST

Crown Him with Many Crowns

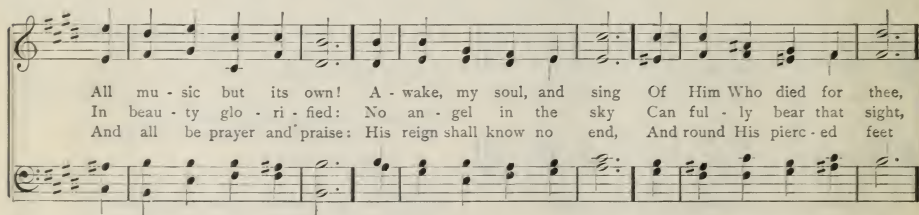
DIADEMATA S.M.D.

The Rev. Matthew Bridges (1800-), 1847

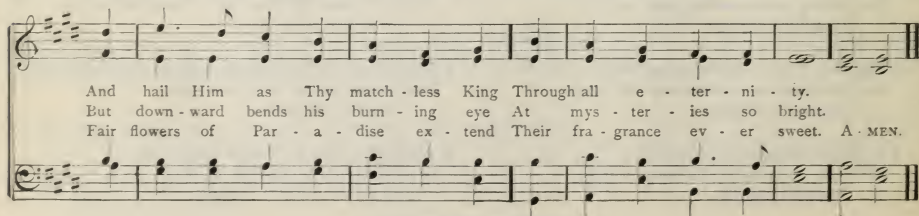
Sir George Job Elvey (1816-1893), 1868



1 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark, how the heavenly an - them drowns
 2 Crown Him the Lord of Love - Be - hold His hands and side, — Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove,
 3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace Whose power a sceptre sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease,



All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
 In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
 And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet



And hail Him as Thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But down - ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 Fair flowers of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet. A - MEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Crown Him with Many Crowns — *Concluded*

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.

All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
The praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

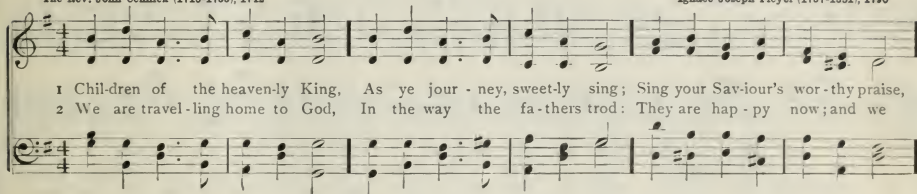
63

Children of the Heavenly King

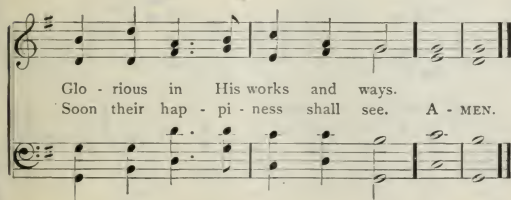
PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

The Rev. John Cennick (1718-1755), 1742

Ignace Joseph Pleyel (1757-1831), 1790



1 Child - ren of the heav - en - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing; Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise,
2 We are travel - ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod: They are hap - py now; and we



Glo - rious in His works and ways.
Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see. A - MEN.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

When, His Salvation Bringing

AMSTERDAM II 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. John King (1788-1858), 1830

Berthold Tours (1838-1897), 1872

1 When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood sing - ing,
 2 And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still, Though now as King He reign - eth
 3 For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise, The stones, our si - lence sham - ing,

Ho - san - nas to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
 On Zi - on's heavenly hill; We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on His throne,
 Would their Ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
 And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son."
 No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A - MEN.

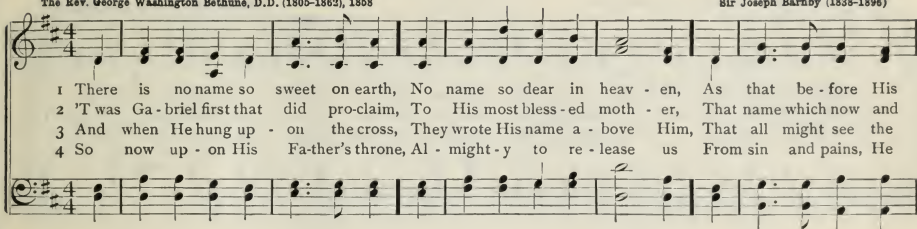
PRAISE TO CHRIST

There is no Name so Sweet on Earth

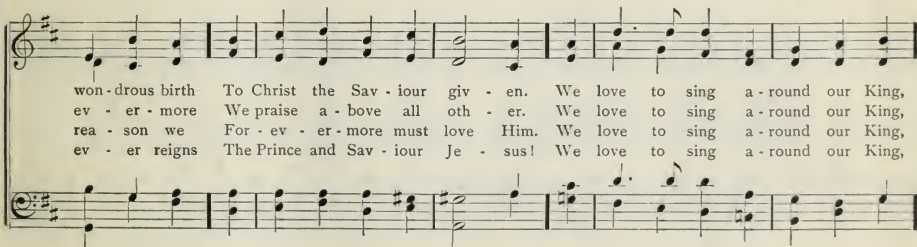
THE BLESSED NAME 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. George Washington Bethune, D.D. (1805-1862), 1858

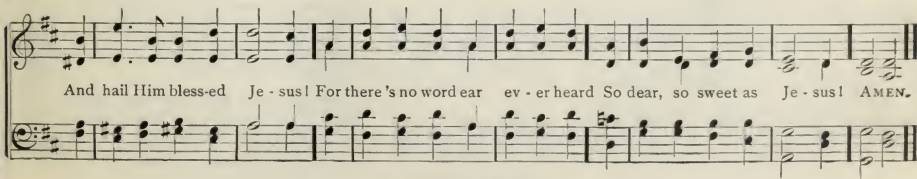
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)



1 There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en, As that be - fore His
 2 'T was Ga - briel first that did pro - claim, To His most bless - ed moth - er, That name which now and
 3 And when He hung up - on the cross, They wrote His name a - bove Him, That all might see the
 4 So now up - on His Fa - ther's throne, Al - might - y to re - lease us From sin and pains, He



won - drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en. We love to sing a - round our King,
 ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er. We love to sing a - round our King,
 rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him. We love to sing a - round our King,
 ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - iour Je - sus! We love to sing a - round our King,



And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus! For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus! AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

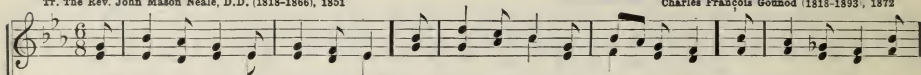
Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Immanuel

GOUNOD 8.8.8.8.8.

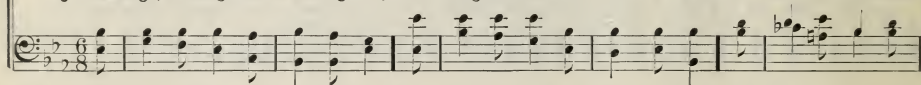
Mozarabic Breviary (12th Century)

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1851

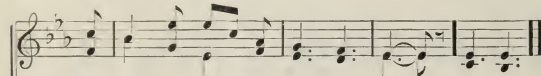
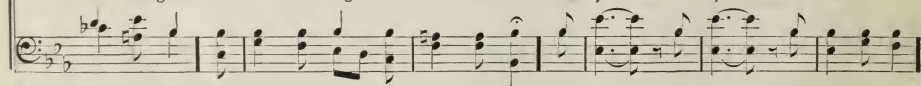
Charles François Gounod (1818-1893), 1872



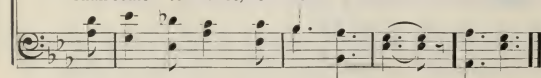
- 1 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, And ran-som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
 2 Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the en - e - my; From hell's a - byss Thy
 3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn - ing Star, And bring us com - fort from a - far, And ban - ish far from



- ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
 peo - ple save, And give us vic - tory o'er the grave. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
 us the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el



Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! A - MEN.



- 4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
 The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! rejoice! etc.

- 5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
 Who once from Sinai's flaming height
 Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
 In cloud and majesty and awe.
 Rejoice! rejoice! etc. AMEN.

Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Immanuel

VENI, IMMANUEL 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Mozarabic Breviary (12th Century)

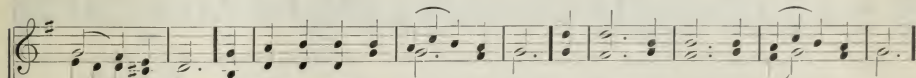
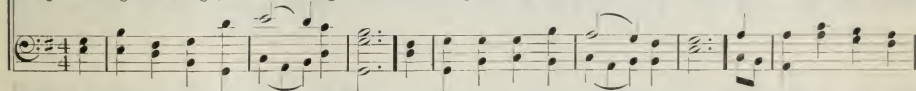
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. (1818-1866), 1851

(SECOND TUNE)

Ancient Melody, 13th Century



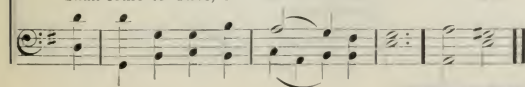
- 1 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
 2 Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the en - e - my; From hell's a - byss Thy
 3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn - ing Star, And bring us com-fort from a - far, And ban-ish far from



- ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
 peo - ple save, And give us vic - tory o'er the grave. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
 us the gloom Of sin - ful night and less doom. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el



Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! A - MEN.



- 4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
 The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! rejoice! etc.

- 5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
 Who once from Sinai's flaming height
 Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
 In cloud and majesty and awe.
 Rejoice! rejoice! etc. AMEN.

THE ADVENT

Jesus Came, the Heavens Adoring

ALLELUIA 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1862

Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1868

I Je - sus came, the Heavens a-dor-ing, Came with peace from realms on High ; Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion,

Low - ly came on earth to die ; Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care ;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to souls rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven ;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Lifting up our souls to Heaven ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears ;
Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
Glad to our hearts, and dries our tears ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Cheering e'en our failing years.

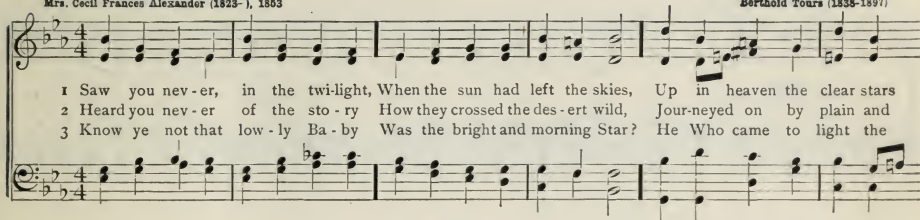
5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the Heavens shall pass away ;
Jesus comes again in glory ;
Let us then our homage pay ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Singing we "till the break of day." AMEN.

Saw You Never, in the Twilight

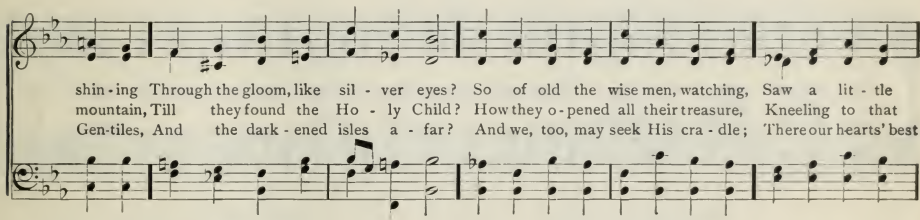
THE WISE MEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1853

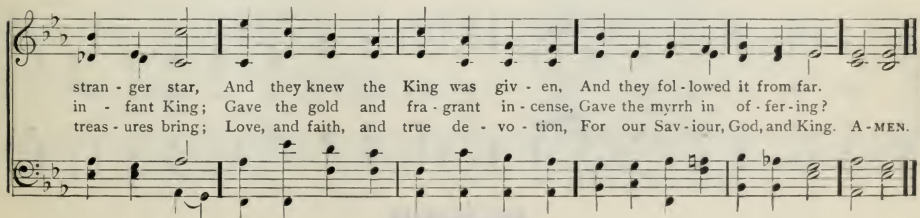
Berthold Tours (1838-1897)



1 Saw you nev-er, in the twilight, When the sun had left the skies, Up in heaven the clear stars
2 Heard you nev-er of the sto-ry How they crossed the des-ert wild, Jour-neyed on by plain and
3 Know ye not that low-ly Ba-by Was the bright and morning Star? He Who came to light the



shin-ing Through the gloom, like sil-ver eyes? So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit-tle
mountain, Till they found the Ho-ly Child? How they o-pened all their treasure, Kneeling to that
Gen-tiles, And the dark-ened isles a-far? And we, too, may seek His cra-dle; There our hearts' best



stran-ger star, And they knew the King was giv-en, And they fol-lowed it from far.
in-fant King; Gave the gold and fra-grant in-cense, Gave the myrrh in of-fer-ing?
treas-ures bring; Love, and faith, and true de-vo-tion, For our Sav-iour, God, and King. A-MEN.

Good Christian People All

ST. ZACHARIAS Irregular

The Rev. E. Haskins, M.A., 1877

Henry Gough Trembath (1845-), 1877

I Good Chris-tian peo-ple all, A mer-ry Christ-mas day: Hark how the bells do call!

A-rise, and come a-way! Come see the won-drous thing The an-gels' lips re-veal!

And let the joy-bells ring A wel-come to the new-born King, With a

Good Christian People All — *Concluded*

mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas peal, With a mer-ry Christmas peal. No - el! No - el! No - el!

Let all up-on the earth that dwell, Sing prais-es to Em-man-u-el! No - el! No - el! No - el!

2 O, praise the King of Heaven!
 For on this blessed morn
 To us a Son is given,
 To us a Child is born!
 Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

3 Springs forth a fruitful rod
 From Jesse's royal stem,
 And Christ, Incarnate God,
 Is born in Bethlehem.
 Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

4 Enwrapt in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid,
 Behold Him, by Whose hands
 The heavens and earth were made.
 Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

5 The darkness now is past,
 The light of life doth shine,
 The day hath dawned at last,
 Behold the appointed sign.
 Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

Once in Bethlehem of Judah

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)

ONCE IN BETHLEHEM Irregular

John Henry Maunder

Slowly and with feeling

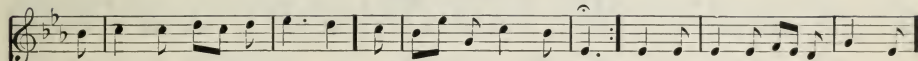
1 Once in Beth-le-hem of Ju-dah, Far a-way a-cross the sea, There was laid a lit-tle Ba-by,
 2 It was not a state-ly pal-ace Where that lit-tle Ba-by lay, With His serv-ants to at-tend Him,
 3 But the ox-en stood a-round Him In a sta-ble low and dim, In the world He had cre-at-ed,
 4 For He left His Fa-ther's glo-ry, And the gold-en halls a-bove, And He took our hu-man na-ture,

Chorus

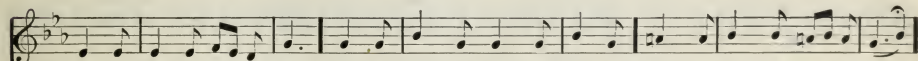
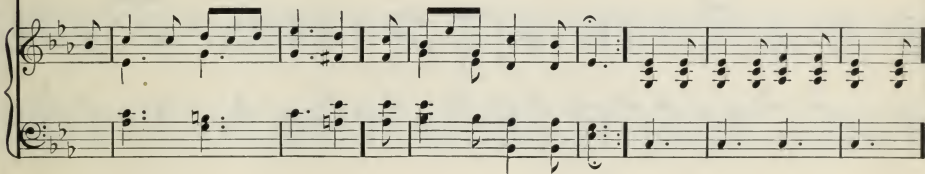
On a Vir-gin Mother's knee. O Sav-iour, gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear Thy lit-tle children sing,
 And with guards to keep the way.
 There was not a room for Him.
 In the great-ness of His love.

Once in Bethlehem of Judah — *Continued*

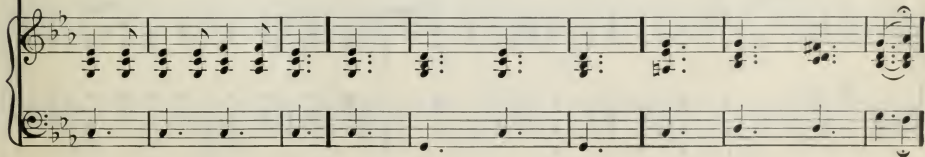
Repeat for 2d, 3d, and 4th verses



The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King. 5 Of His in - fi - nite com - pas - sion



He can feel our want and woe, For He suf - fered, He was bur - ied, When He lived our life be - low.



Once in Bethlehem of Judah — *Continued*

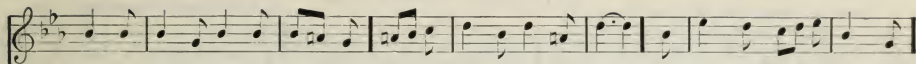
O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear Thy lit - tle children sing, The God of our sal - va - tion,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass staves). The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, quarter notes C-D, and eighth notes E-F. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

The Child that is our King. 6 Still He stands and pleads in heav - en For us weak and sin - de - filed;

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody includes a half note G, a quarter note A, and eighth notes B-C. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Once in Bethlehem of Judah — *Concluded*



God Who is a man for - ev - er, Je - sus Who was once a child. O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour,



Hear Thy lit - tle children sing, The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King. A - MEN.



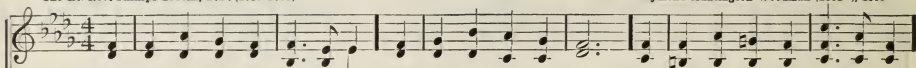
THE NATIVITY

O Little Town of Bethlehem

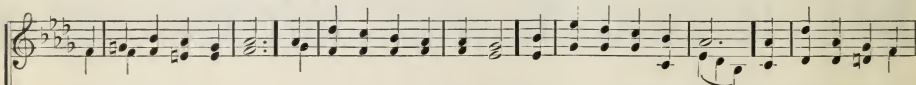
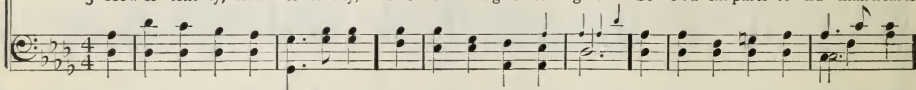
BETHLEHEM 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

The Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. (1835-1893)

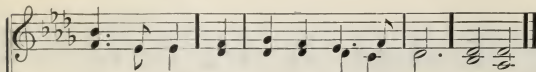
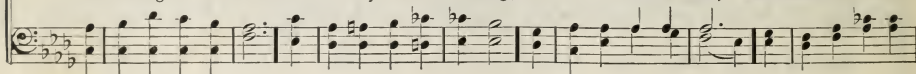
Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1895



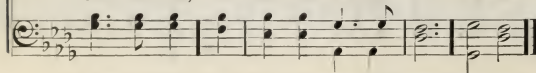
1 O lit - tle town of Beth - lehem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep
 2 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to God the King,
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is given! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts



The si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of
 And peace to men on earth. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
 The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re -



all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love.
 ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in. A - MEN.



4 Where children pure and happy
 Pray to the blessed Child;
 Where misery cries out to Thee,
 Son of the Mother mild;
 Where Charity stands watching,
 And Faith holds wide the door, —
 The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
 And Christmas comes once more.

This hymn Copyright, 1891, by E. P. DUTTON and Co. Used by permission.

O Little Town of Bethlehem — *Concluded*

5 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! AMEN.

72

Brightest and Best

ST. NINIAN 11. 10. 11. 10.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826)

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

1 Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid!
2 Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom and offer - ings di - vine,

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid!
An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin-ing, Mak - er and Monarch and Sav - iour of all.
Gems of the mount-ain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine? AMEN

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid! AMEN.

THE NATIVITY

In the Field with their Flocks Abiding

The Rev. Frederick William Farrar (1831-), 1871

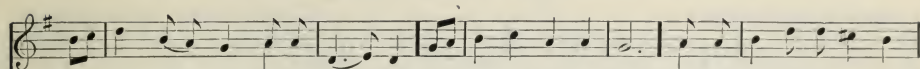
ST. INNOCENTS Irregular

John Farmer

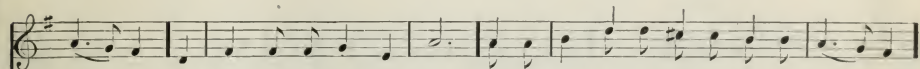
*Allegretto.**p sempre legato.**Ped.*

- 1 In the field with their flocks a - - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground;
 2 "To you in the cit - y of Da - vid A Sav - iour is born to - day;"
 3 And the shep - herds came to the man ger, And gazed on the Ho - ly Child;

In the Field with their Flocks Abiding — *Continued*



And glim - 'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a - round; When the light of the Lord streamed
And sud - den a host of the heavenly ones Flashed forth to join the lay. O, nev - er hath sweet - er
And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The Vir - gin Moth - er smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit



o'er them, And lo! from the heaven a - bove An an - gel leaned from the Glo - ry,
mes - sage Thrilled home to the souls of men, And the heavens them - selves had nev - er heard
si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay: "To you in the cit - y of Da - vid



In the Field with their Flocks Abiding — *Concluded*

And sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The
 A glad - der choir till then, For they sang that Christ - mas car - ol That
 A Sav - iour is born to - day." On they sang — and I ween that nev - er The

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line includes lyrics and is followed by a piano section with a fermata over a chord.

song that shall nev - er cease: "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace."
 nev - er on earth shall cease:
 car - ol on earth shall cease:

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the same vocal and piano parts as the first system, with lyrics and a piano section. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'f' (forte).

O Come, All Ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES *Irregular*

Tr. The Very Rev. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880), 1841

Marcantonio Simão (1763-1830)

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, To Beth - le - hem has - ten now with
 2 Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Thro' heaven's high arches be your
 3 Yea, Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion; Je - sus, for - ev - er be Thy

glad ac - cord; Come, and be - hold Him Born, the King of an - gels, O come, let us a - dore Him,
 prais - es poured; Now to our God be Glo - ry in the high - est! O come, let us a - dore Him,
 name a - dored! Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing; O come, let us a - dore Him,

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - MEN.

* Small notes for first verse only

THE NATIVITY

'T is the Birthday of Our Saviour

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Florence Hoare, 1894

Charles Vincent (1852-), 1894

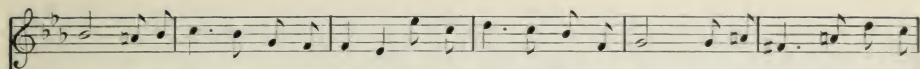
'T is the birth-day of our Sav-iour, Let the

earth with glad-ness ring. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is born, our glo-rious

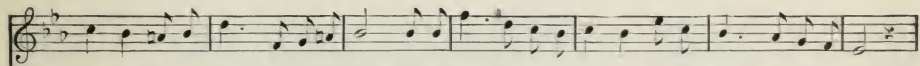
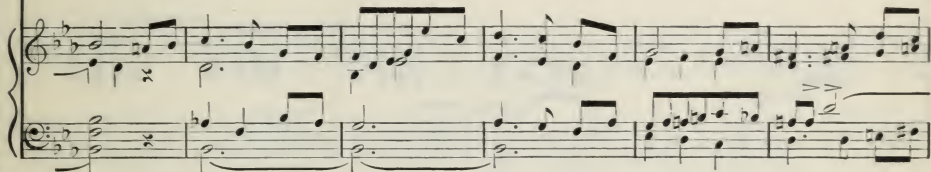
Used by permission. Copyright, 1894, by CHARLES VINCENT

THE NATIVITY

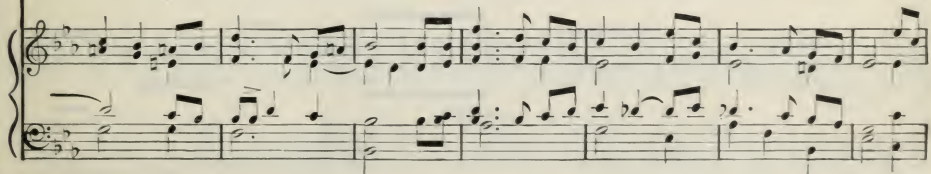
'Tis the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Continued*



King! As of old the heavens grew brighter, For the Babe that help-less lay, So our hearts from sor-row



light-er, Would their grate-ful homage pay, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is born to-day.

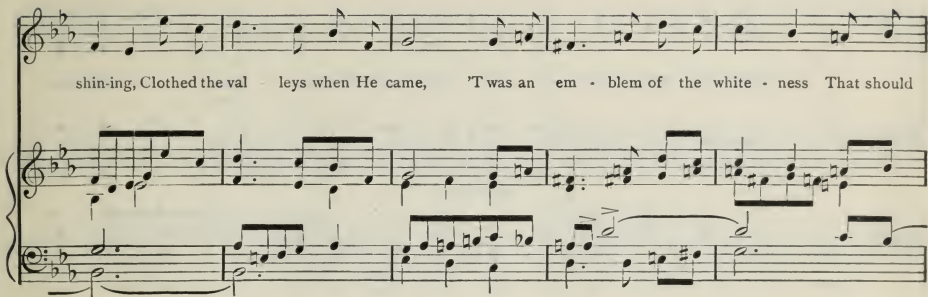


'Tis the Birthday of Our Saviour—*Continued*

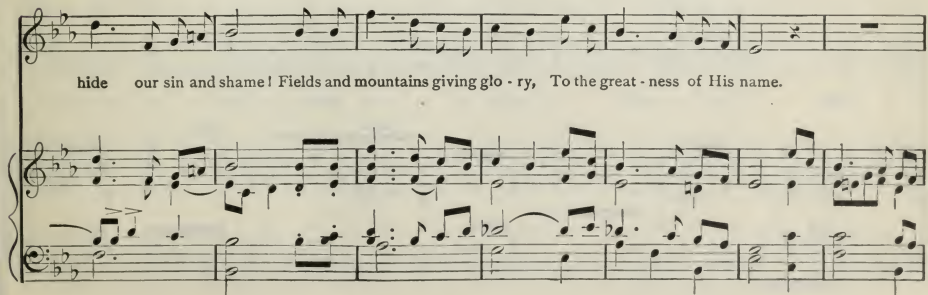
Frost and cold and win - ter sun - shine, Hol - ly bright and yew and bay, Swell the

glo - ry of the sto - ry, Christ is born, is born to - day. When the snow all pure and

'Tis the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Continued*



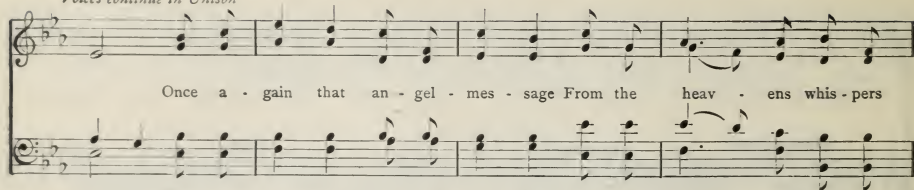
shin-ing, Clothed the val - leys when He came, 'Twas an em - blem of the white - ness That should



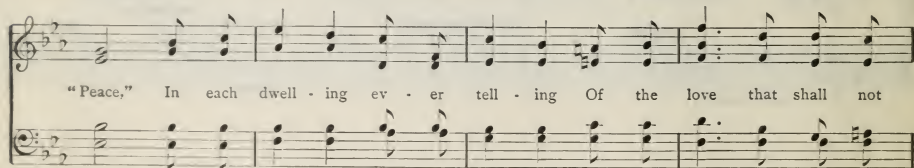
hide our sin and shame! Fields and mountains giving glo - ry, To the great - ness of His name.

'Tis the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Continued*

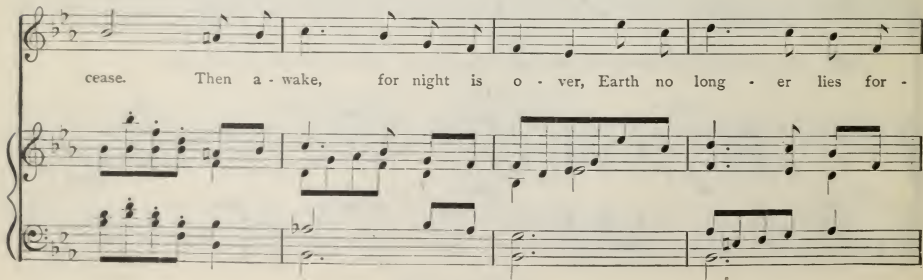
Voices continue in Unison



Once a - gain that an - gel - mes - sage From the heav - ens whis - pers



"Peace," In each dwell - ing ev - er tell - ing Of the love that shall not



cease. Then a - wake, for night is o - ver, Earth no long - er lies for -

'Tis the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Concluded*

lorn, For the an - gel - host is sing - ing Of the bless - ed Christmas morn, O, a

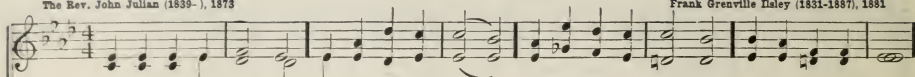
wake, a - wake, and hear them, Al - le - lu - ia, Christ is born, Al - le - lu - - - ia.

Sweetly Sang the Angels

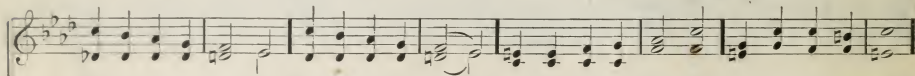
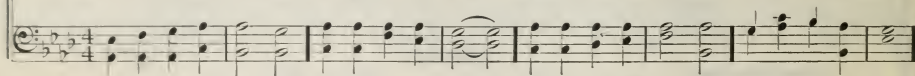
DANIA 6.5. 12 lines

The Rev. John Julian (1839-), 1873

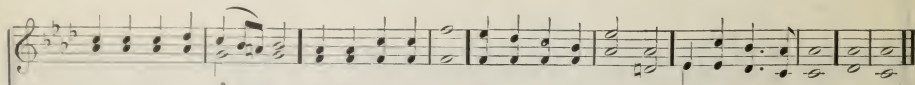
Frank Grenville Ilesley (1831-1887), 1881



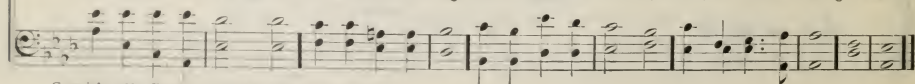
1 Sweetly sang the an - gels In the clear calm night, On their white wings rest-ing In the heavenly light;
 2 To the gen-tle shep-herds It was first re - vealed, — Watching 'mid the dark-ness In the o - pen field, —



Sent by God the Fa - ther, Who our love has sought, Un - to men and chil-dren Tidings glad they brought.
 That in Da - vid's cit - y, On that ho - ly morn, In a low - ly sta - ble, Christ our King was born.



Children, blend your voi - ces, In sweet concord sing, Hail the Lord's Anoint-ed, Christ, the children's King! AMEN.



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THE NATIVITY

Sweetly Sang the Angels — *Concluded*

3 Gladdened by the tidings,
Hastily they sped
To the crowded city
And the manger bed;
There they found the Saviour,
With His mother mild:
Him they loved and worshipped,
Though a lowly child.
Children, blend your voices, etc.

4 In His simple childhood,
And His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy,
All His words were truth;
For our sins He suffered,
And, through grief untold,
All His lambs He purchased
For His sacred fold.
Children, blend your voices, etc.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender,
Thou wouldst have us be.
Blessings rich and holy,
At this Christmas-tide,
Pour Thou out upon us,
Saviour, King, and Guide!
Children, blend your voices, etc.
AMEN.

77

As with Gladness Men of Old

William Chatterton Dix (1837-), 1859

DIX 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Conrad Kocher, Ph.D. (1756-1872), 1838

1 As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing - star be - hold; As with joy they hailed its light,
2 As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed; There to bend the knee be - fore

Lead - ing on - ward, beam-ing bright; So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee.
Him Whom heaven and earth a - dore; So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat. A-MEN.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun Which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. AMEN.

THE NATIVITY

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

PRINCE OF PEACE C. M. D.

The Rev. Edmand Hamilton Sears, D.D. (1810-1876), 1849

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

1 It came up-on the midnight clear, The glorious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth,
 2 Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled; And still their heavenly mu - sic floats
 3 O ye, beneath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the climb-ing way

To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all - gra-cious King;
 O'er all the wea - ry world: A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hovering wing,
 With pain - ful steps and slow! Look now, for glad and gold-en hours Come swift - ly on the wing.

The world in sol - emn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing, The bless-ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be-side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing, And hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear — *Concluded*

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,

When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. AMEN.

79

Once in Royal David's City

IRBY 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1848

Henry John Gauntlett (1806-1876), 1856

1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by
2 He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a sta - ble,
3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood, He would hon - or, and o - bey, Love, and watch the low - ly maiden

In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
And His cra - dle was a stall: With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour holy.
In whose gen - tle arms He lay; Christian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He. A-MEN.

* Small notes for verses 3 and 4

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feebleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. AMEN.

THE NATIVITY

There Came a Little Child to Earth

CHRIST CHILD *Irregular*

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1873

R. N. Matthews

1 There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go;
2 Out in the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard;

And the an - gels of God pro - claimed His birth, High and low.
For they knew that the Child on Beth - le - hem's hill Was Christ the Lord. A - MEN.

3 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white, —

4 In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On Christmas night.

5 They sang how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn.

6 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might forever reign
With Him on high.

7 He hath put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land;
And He leads to where fountains of water flow,
That chosen band.

8 And forevermore in the robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child. AMEN.

When the Lord of Love was Here

ARMSTRONG 7.7.5.7.7.5.

The Rev. Stopford Augustus Brooke, M.A. (1832-)

George Whitfield Chadwick (1854-)

1 When the Lord of Love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear, Though His heart was sad;

Worn and lone-ly for our sake, Yet He turned a - side to make All the wea-ry glad. A - MEN.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Meek and lowly were His ways;
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.</p> <p>3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers and birds and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,—
God had His abode.</p> | <p>4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.</p> <p>5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above. AMEN.</p> |
|--|--|

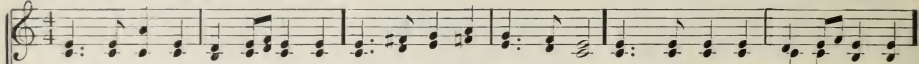
THE LIFE OF CHRIST

Who is This, so Weak and Helpless?

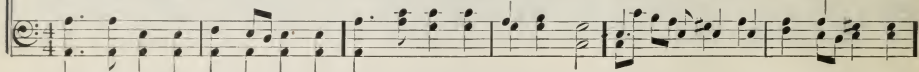

EXALTATION 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D. (1823-), 1867

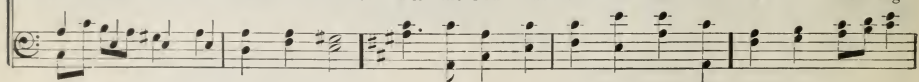
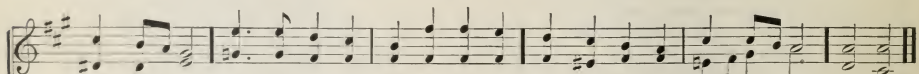
Henry Lealle (1822-1896), 1887



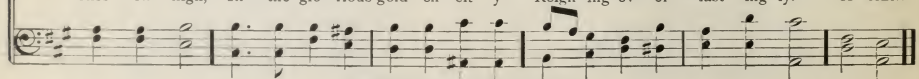
1 Who is this, so weak and helpless, Child of low - ly He - brew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel - tered,
 2 Who is this, a Man of sor - rows, Walk - ing sad - ly life's hard way, Home - less, wea - ry, sigh - ing, weep - ing,
 3 Who is this that hang - eth dy - ing, While the rude world scoffs and scorns, Numbered with the mal - e - fac - tors,

Gold - ly in a man - ger laid? 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous
 O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glo - rious Sav - iour, Who a - bove the
 Torn with nails and crowned with thorns? 'Tis the God who ev - er liv - eth 'Mid the shin - ing

path hath trod; He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing, God.
 star - ry sky Now for us a place pre - par - eth, Where no tear can dim the eye.
 ones on high, In the glo - rious gold - en cit - y, Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - MEN.



THE LIFE OF CHRIST

We Saw Thee Not When Thou Didst Come

CREDO 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

The Rev. John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862), 1851

Sir John Stainer (1840-)

1 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, Nor e'er be-held Thy
 2 We did not see Thee lift-ed high, A-mid that wild and sav-age crew, Nor heard Thy meek, im-

A little slower.

Cot-tage-home In that de-spis-ed Na-za-reth; But we be-lieve Thy Foot-steps trod
 plor-ing cry: "For-give, they know not what they do!" Yet we be-lieve the deed was done

Org.

Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
 Which shook the earth and veiled the sun. A-MEN.

- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
 Where late Thy sacred Body lay,
 Nor sat within that upper room,
 Nor met Thee in the open way;
 But we believe that angels said
 "Why seek the Living with the dead?"
- 4 And now that Thou dost reign on High,
 And thence Thy waiting people bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Doth shine upon our wilderness:
 But we believe Thy faithful Word,
 And trust in our Redeeming Lord. AMEN.

O Master, it is Good to Be

ST. CASIMIR L. M. D.

The Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D. (1815-1881), 1872

Sir John Goss (1800-1880), 1872

1 O Mas-ter, it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee; Where stand revealed to mor - tal gaze
 2 O Mas-ter, it is good to be With Thee and with Thy faith-ful Three; Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
 3 O Mas-ter, it is good to be Here on the Ho - ly Mount with Thee; When darkling in the depths of night,

Those glo - rious saints of oth - er days; Who once re - ceived on Hor - eb's height Th'e - ter - nal laws of
 Is nerved a - gainst temp - ta - tion's shock; Here, where the Son of Thun - der learns The thought that breathes, and
 When daz - zled with ex - cess of light, We bow be - fore the Heaven - ly Voice That bids be - wil - dered

truth and right; Or caught the still small whis - per, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
 word that burns; Here, where on ea - gle's wings we move With Him whose last best creed is love.
 souls re - joice, Though love wax cold, and faith be dim, "This is My Son, O hear ye Him." A - MEN.

Ride On, Ride On in Majesty

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

The Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D. (1791-1868), 1827

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1860

1 Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark, all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O

Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strow'd. A - MEN.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th'approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His Sapphire Throne
Expects His Own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign. AMEN.

There is a Green Hill Far Away

MEDITATION C. M.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1848

John Henry Gower (1856-)

There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - MEN.

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- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. AMEN.

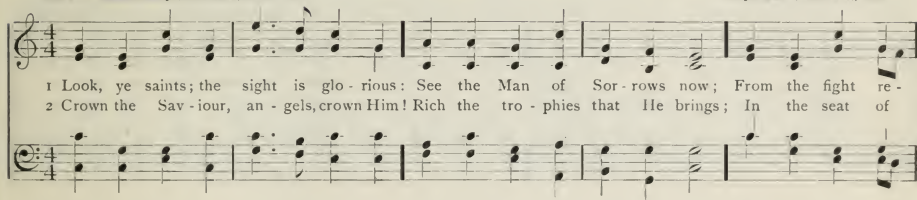
THE PASSION

Look, Ye Saints; the Sight is Glorious

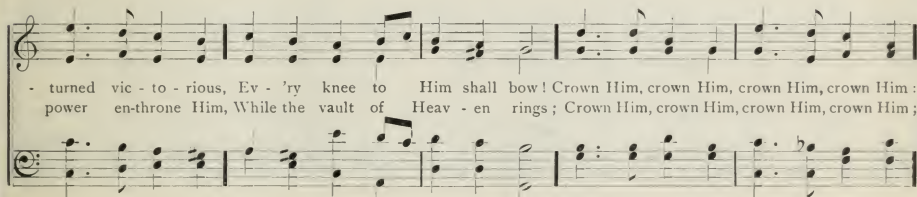
REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

The Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769-1854), 1809

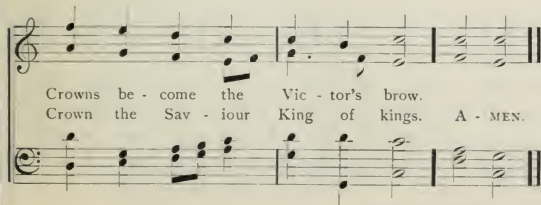
Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1867



1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glo - rious: See the Man of Sor - rows now; From the fight re -
2 Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him! Rich the tro - phies that He brings; In the seat of



- turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow! Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him:
power en - throne Him, While the vault of Heav - en rings; Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;



Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown the Sav - iour King of kings. A - MEN.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him:
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him
King of kings, and Lord of lords. AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

Jesus Lives! O Day of Days!

RESURRECTION 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1898

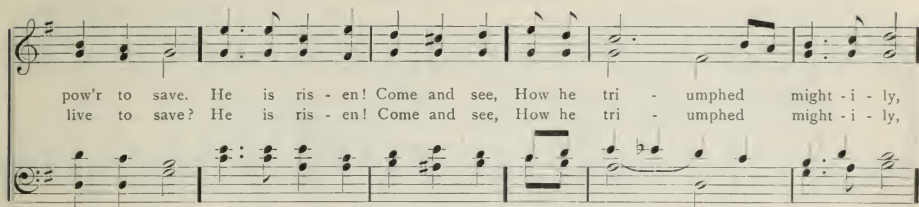
1 Je - sus lives! O Day of Days! Glad we bring our grate - ful praise: He is ris - en!
 2 Lord and Proph - et—spake He not? Have ye His own word for - got, Tell - ing, while in

Gone the gloom, An - gels sit with - in the tomb. Vain the taunt of Jew de - ny - ing,
 Gal - i - lee, Thus the vic - to - ry should be? How through scorn and dire af - flic - tion,

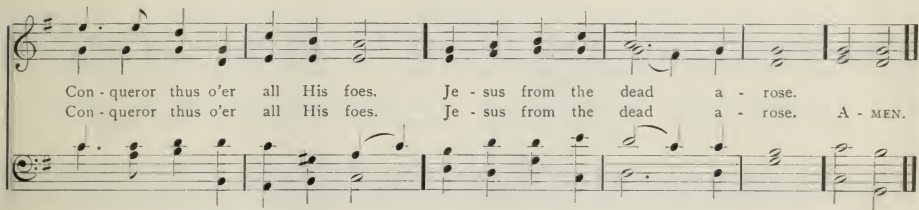
Vain the vaunt o'er Je - sus dy - ing. Heav - enly voic - es from the grave, Now pro - claim His.
 Thorn - y way and cru - ci - fix - ion, Van - quished Death and rent the grave, Christ the King should

THE RESURRECTION

Jesus Lives! O Day of Days! — *Concluded*



pow'r to save. He is ris - en! Come and see, How he tri - umphed might - i - ly,
live to save? He is ris - en! Come and see, How he tri - umphed might - i - ly,



Con - queror thus o'er all His foes. Je - sus from the dead a - rose.
Con - queror thus o'er all His foes. Je - sus from the dead a - rose. A - MEN.

3 Tearful, to the sepulchre
Mary comes in grief and fear,
Sees the stone now roll'd away,
Hears the waiting angels say,
"Why among the dead the living
Seek ye?" Lo! the Lord Life-giving
Rises! Vain the watch, the grave!
Prince of Life, He lives to save!
He is risen! Come and see,
How He triumphed mightily,
Conqueror thus o'er all His foes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

4 Welcome then the Day of Days!
Lord, 'tis Thine, our tuneful praise;
Thine, for us, the Tempted, Tried,
Thine, for us, the Crucified;
Thine, for us, the Resurrection;
Thine, the Life, the sure Protection.
Saviour! Sovereign o'er the grave,
May we know Thy power to save.
He is risen! joyfully,
Lord! we raise our song to Thee;
Conqueror thus, o'er all His foes,
Jesus from the dead arose. AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

Welcome, Happy Morning

WELCOME 11. 11. 11. 11.

Tr The Rev. John Ellerton, M.A. (1826-1893), 1871

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1870

1 "Welcome, happy morn-ing!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to - day!
 2 Earth with joy con - fess - es, clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with her re - turn - ing King:

Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-er - more! Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore!
 Bloom in ev-ery meadow, leaves on ev-ery bough, Speak His sor - rows end-ed, hail His tri - umph now.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
 Thou, from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
 "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show.
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word:
 'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chains;
 All that now is fallen, raise to life again;
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
 Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" etc. AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

Welcome, Happy Morning — *Concluded*

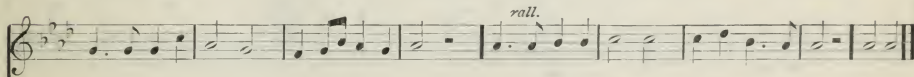
Refrain to be sung after each verse



"Wel-come, happy morn-ing!" age to ages shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to-day!



Swas



Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore! AMEN.



rall.

THE RESURRECTION

Come ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

ST. KEVIN 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

St. John Damascene, 750

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1859

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1874

1 Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness; God hath brought His Is-ra-el
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst His pris-on, And from three days' sleep in death
 3 Now the Queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor, With the roy-al feast of feasts,

In-to joy from sadness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daughters; Led them with un-
 As a sun hath ris-en; All the win-ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly-ing From His light, to
 Comes its joy to ren-der; Comes to glad Jer-u-sa-lem, Who with true af-fec-tion Welcomes in un-

moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters.
 Whom we give Laud and praise un-dy-ing.
 wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion. A-MEN.

- 4 Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal:
 But to-day amidst Thine own
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace which evermore
 Passeth human knowing. AMEN.

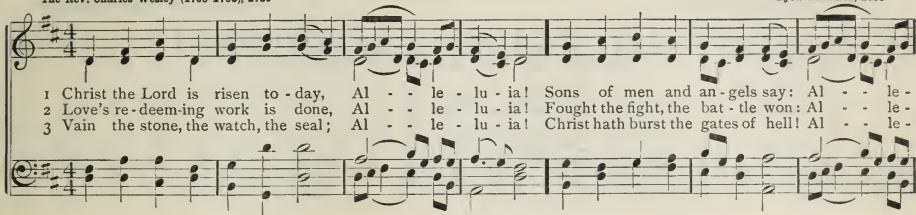
THE RESURRECTION

Christ the Lord is Risen To-day

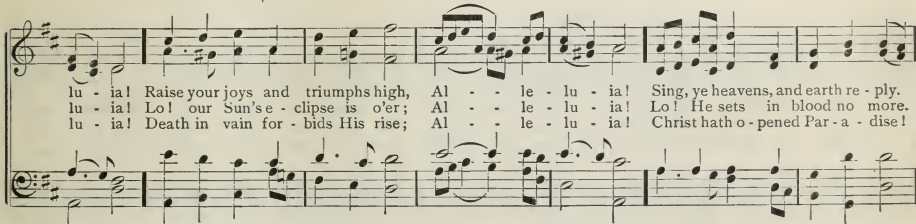
EASTER HYMN 11. 11. 11. 11.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1739

Lyra Davidica, 1708



1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - le -
 2 Love's re - deem-ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia! Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Al - - le -
 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - le - lu - ia! Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Al - - le -



lu - ia! Raise your joys and triumphs high, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.
 lu - ia! Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Al - - le - lu - ia! Lo! He sets in blood no more.
 lu - ia! Death in vain for - bids His rise; Al - - le - lu - ia! Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise!



Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Al - - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

4 Lives again our glorious King: Alleluia!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
 Once He died, our souls to save: Alleluia!
 Where thy victory, O Grave? Alleluia!

5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!
 Following our exalted Head; Alleluia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia! AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

How Calm and Beautiful the Morn

EUCHARIST 8.6.8.6.8.8.

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), 1832

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1872

1 How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where Christ the Cru - ci -
 2 Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - part - ed Lord; "Be - hold the place, He
 3 Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot - steps bend; The Sav - iour will Him -

fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom! O weep no more the Sav - iour slain,
 is not here," The tomb is all un - barred: The gates of death were closed in vain,
 self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain,

The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.
 The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.
 But now in Christ ye live a - gain. A - MEN.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die!
 Since He has risen That once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again. AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

The Strife is O'er

PALESTRINA 8.8.8.4.

Tr. The Rev. Francis Pott (1832-), 1859

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-1594)

1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won:

O let the song of praise be sung, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped:
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia! AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

Christ is Risen! Christ is Risen

RESURREXIT 8.7.8.7.7.5.7.5.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney (1820-1887), 1862

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872

1 Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en!

Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He suf - fered loss

By di - vine de - cree; He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.

THE RESURRECTION

Christ is Risen! Christ is Risen — *Concluded*



Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;



Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! A-MEN.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
 Earth below and heaven above
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love;
 He forevermore shall reign
 By the Father's side,
 Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His bride.
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain!

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;
 Heaven, with joy and holy longing
 For the Word incarnate, cries,
 "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Gleam, ye starry train!
 All creation, find a voice:
 He o'er all shall reign."
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen,
 O'er the universe to reign. AMEN.

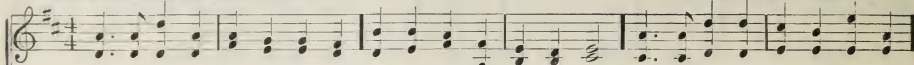
THE RESURRECTION

Alleluia! Alleluia!

LUX EOI 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. (1807-1885), 1872

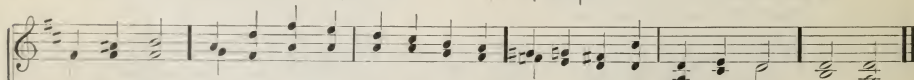
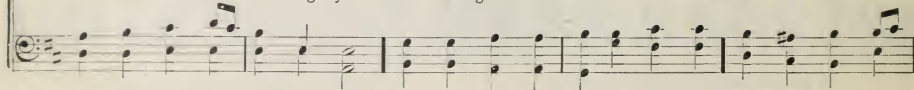
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voices heavenward raise: Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness,
 2 Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born, Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal,
 3 Christ is ris-en, Christ, the first-fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest - field, Which will all its full a - bun-dance



Sing to God a hymn of praise: He, Who on the cross a vic - tim, For the world's sal -
 On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn: Christ has tri-umphed, and we con - quer By His might - y
 At His sec - ond com - ing yield: Then the gold - en ears of har - vest Will their heads be-



va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 en - ter - prise, We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 fore Him wave, Rip - ened by His glo - rious sun - shine From the fur - rows of the grave. A - MEN.



THE RESURRECTION

Alleluia! Alleluia! — *Concluded*

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!

Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty. AMEN.

96

Jesus Lives! Thy Terrors now

ST. ALBINUS 7.8.7.8.4.

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769), 1757
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841

Henry John Gauntlett (1806-1876), 1872

1 Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O Death, no more ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by this we know
2 Je - sus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life im - mor - tal; This shall calm our trem - bling breath,
3 Je - sus lives! for us He died; Then, a - lone to Je - sus liv - ing, Pure in heart may we a - bide,

Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!
When we pass its gloomy por - tal. Al - le - lu - ia!
Glo - ry to our Saviour giv - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! AMEN.

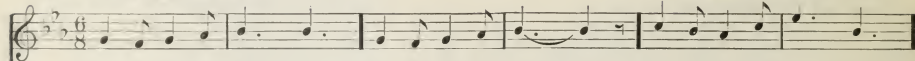
THE RESURRECTION

Golden Harps are Sounding

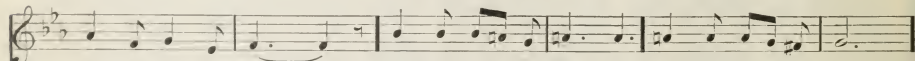
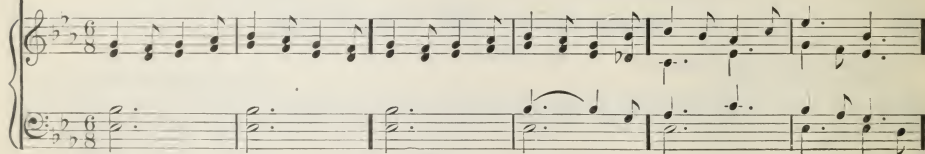
ST. THERESA 6.5. 12 lines

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1872

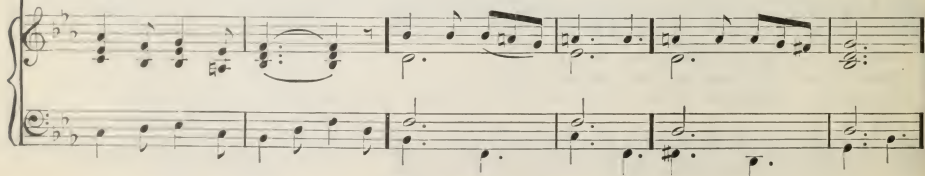
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)



1 Gold - en harps are sound - ing,	An - gel voi - ces sing,	Pearl - y gates are o - pened,
2 He who came to save us,	He who bled and died,	Now is crowned with glo - ry,
3 Pleading for His chil - dren	In that bless-ed place,	Call - ing them to glo - ry,

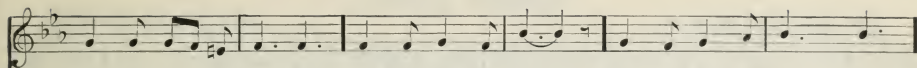


O - pened for the King!	Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,	Je - sus, King of Love,
At His Fa - ther's side,	Nev - er more to suf - fer,	Nev - er more to die;
Send-ing them His grace;	His bright home prepar - ing,	Faith-ful ones, for you;

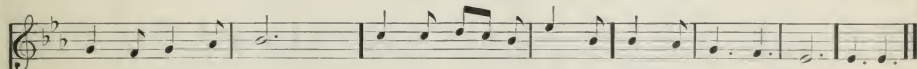
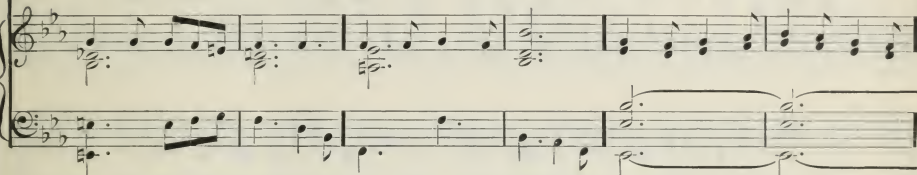


THE ASCENSION

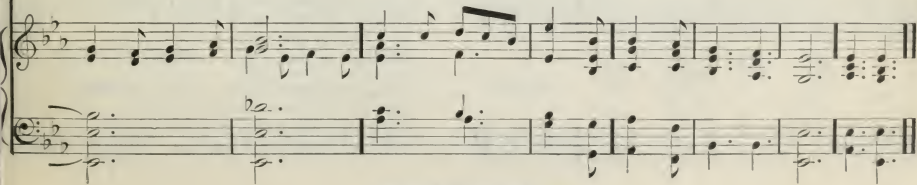
Golden Harps are Sounding — *Concluded*



Is gone up in tri - umph, To His throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high! All His work is end - ed,
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too. All His work is end - ed,



Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King! A - MEN.



THE ASCENSION

Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise

ASCENSION 11. 11. 11. 11.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1739

William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1860

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Rav-ish-ed from our wish - ful eyes; Al - le -
 2 Him though highest heaven receives, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He loves the earth He leaves: Al - le -

lu - ia! Christ, a-while to mor-tals given, Al - le - lu - ia! Re - as-cends His na - tive heaven.
 lu - ia! Though re-turn-ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He calls man-kind His own.

Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Al - - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

- 3 Still for us His death He pleads; Alleluia!
 Prevalent, He intercedes: Alleluia!
 Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
 Harbinger of human race. Alleluia!
- 4 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
 High above yon azure height, Alleluia!
 Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
 Following Thee beyond the skies. Alleluia! AMEN.

I've Found a Friend

CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. James Grindley Small (1817-1888), 1866

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)

1 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him! He drew me with the
 2 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a - lone the
 3 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der, So wise a Coun-sel-

cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him: And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which
 gift of life, But His own Self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it
 lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er. From Him, Who loves me now so well, What power my

nought can sev - er, For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 for the Giv - er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 soul can sev - er? Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell? No! I am His for - ev - er. A-MEN.

THE LOVE OF JESUS

There is no Love like the Love of Jesus

The Rev. William Edensor Littlewood (1831-1886), 1857

BELOVED Irregular

Berthold Tours (1838-1897)

1 There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, . . .
 2 There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der love; . . .

Till in - to the fold of the peace of God He has gathered us all.
 Not a throb nor throes our hearts can know, But He suffered be - fore. A - MEN.

* The half note for verse 3 only

† Omit these notes in verse 3

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
 Piercing far away;
 Never out of sight of its tender light,
 Can the wanderer stray.

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
 Ah! how sweet its chime!
 Like the musical ring of some rushing spring,
 In the summer time.

5 O might we listen to that voice of Jesus,
 O might we never roam,
 Till our souls should rest in peace on His breast,
 In the heavenly home. AMEN.

THE LOVE OF JESUS

Down in the Pleasant Pastures

BAILEY 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Anna Shipton

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1895

1 Down in the pleas-ant past-ures, Be - side the wa - ters still, Be - hold, the Shep-herd lead - eth
 2 The strang-er's voice they heed not, When he seeks their ear to win; And nev - er can a rob - ber
 3 And all His own He knoweth, He call-eth them to come; O'er dis - tant hills they hear Him,

His lit - tle flock at will; And gen - tly, gen - tly guid - ing, The way His sheep must go,
 To the sheep-fold en - ter in: No hire - ling is the Shep - herd, For He His watch will keep;
 And so He draws them home. Tho' the way be set with bri - ars, Tho' the nar - row path be steep,

Still onward to the fount-ain Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 'Tis He a - lone Who giv - eth His own life for His sheep.
 They know His word of warn-ing, And the Shepherd knows His sheep. AMEN.

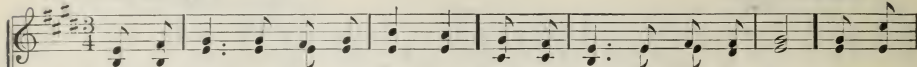
- 4 And other sheep He owneth,
 From Him that wander far;
 He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
 Where all His loved ones are:
 The blessed day is dawning,
 That day by Him foretold,
 When they shall own one Shepherd,
 Safe sheltered in one fold. AMEN.

Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead Us.

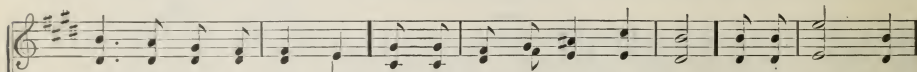
WILDERSMOUTH 8.7.8.7.4.7.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (?) (1793-1847), 1836

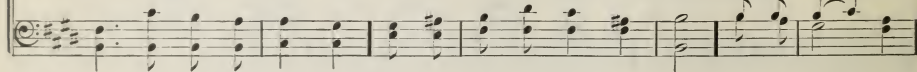
Edward John Hopkins (1818-)



1 Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us; Much we need Thy ten - der care: In Thy
 2 We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us; Be the guar - dian of our way; Keep Thy



pleas - ant past - ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare; Bless - ed Je - sus,
 flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; Bless - ed Je - sus,



Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Hear the chil - dren when they pray. A - MEN.



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still. AMEN.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

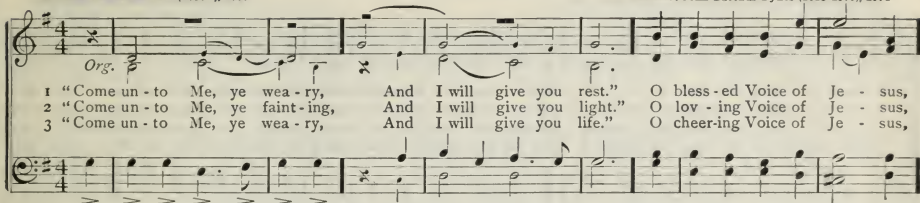
Come unto Me, ye Weary

COME UNTO ME 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

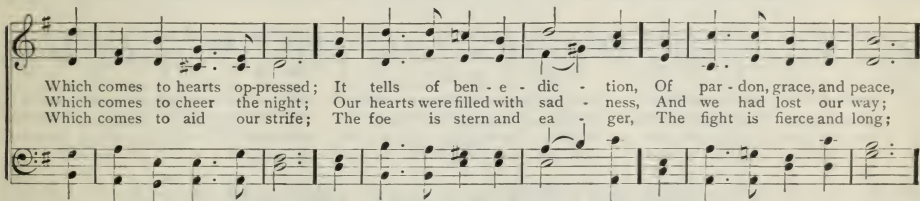
William Chatterton Dix (1837-), 1867

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1874

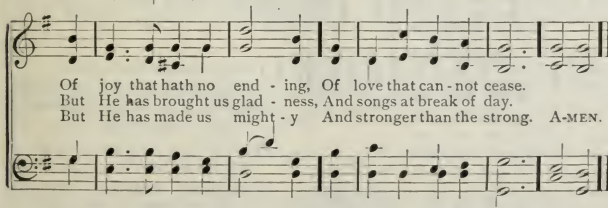
Org.



1 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O bless - ed Voice of Je - sus,
 2 "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you light." O lov - ing Voice of Je - sus,
 3 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you life." O cheer - ing Voice of Je - sus,



Which comes to hearts oppressed; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
 Which comes to cheer the night; Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way;
 Which comes to aid our strife; The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.
 But He has brought us glad - ness, And songs at break of day.
 But He has made us might - y And stronger than the strong. A-MEN.

- 4 "And whosoever cometh
 I will not cast him out."
 O welcome Voice of Jesus,
 Which drives away our doubt,
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be,
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee.
 AMEN.

The melody of the first two lines of each verse is to be sung in unison by all voices
 The tune "Savoy Chapel," number 143, will be found a most beautiful setting for this hymn

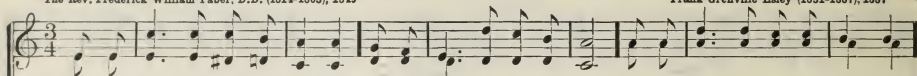
INVITATION

Souls of Men! Why Will Ye Scatter?

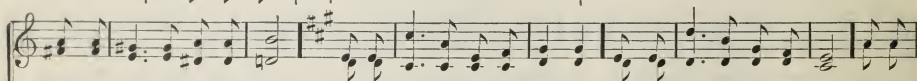
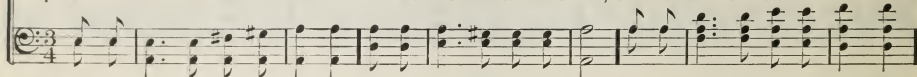
ILSLEY 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1849

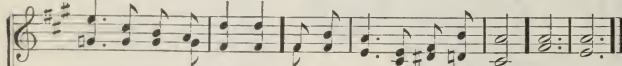
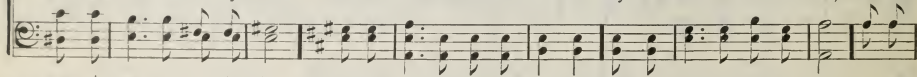
Frank Grenville Ilesley (1831-1887), 1887



1 Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep? Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan - der
 2 It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might-ier than it seems; 'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond - ness
 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven; There is no place where earth's fail - ings
 4 For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas - ures of man's mind, And the heart of the E - ter - nal

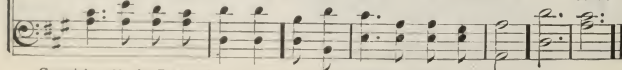


From a love so true and deep? Was there ev - er kind - est shep-herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet, As the
 Goes far out be-yond our dreams. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea; There's a
 Have such kind - ly judgment given. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good! There is
 Is most won - der - ful - ly kind. But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own; And we



Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
 kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 mer - cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 mag - ni - fy His strictness With a zeal He will not own.

A - MEN.



5 There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.
 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

AMEN.

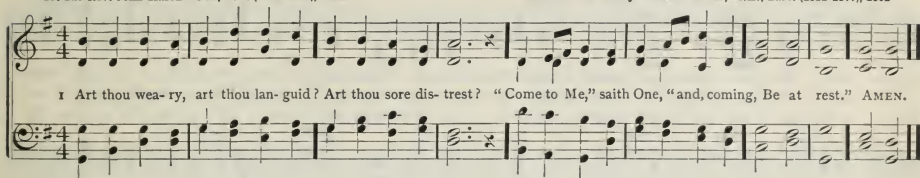
Art Thou Weary, art Thou Languid?

STEPHANOS 8.5.8.3.

St. Stephen the Sabaite (725-794)

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1813-1866), 1862

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, M.A., Bart. (1821-1877), 1861



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

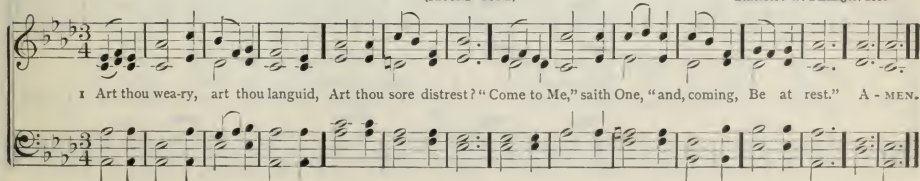
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." AMEN.

Art Thou Weary, art Thou Languid?

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

(SECOND TUNE)

Ethelbert W. Bullinger. 1895



INVITATION

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

LUX MUNDI 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How (1823-), 1854

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872

1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
 2 O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en -
 3 O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My

wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: Shame on us, Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and
 cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient -
 chil - dren And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen

sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
 ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A - MEN.

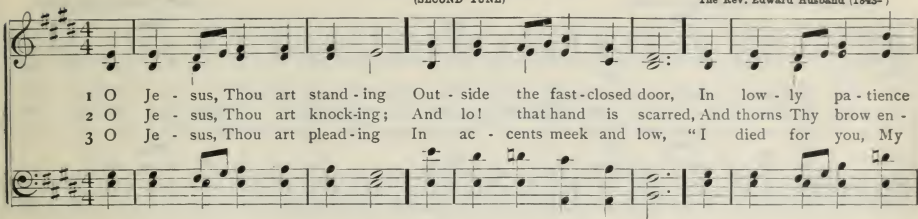
CONSECRATION

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

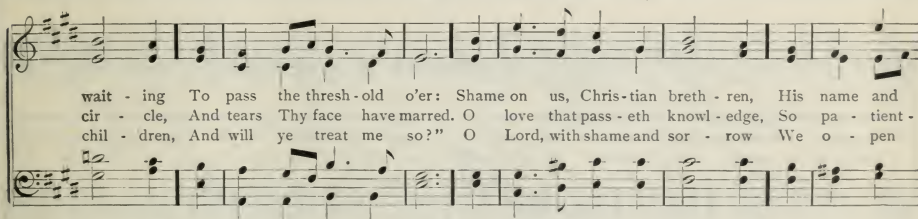
ST. HILDA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

(SECOND TUNE)

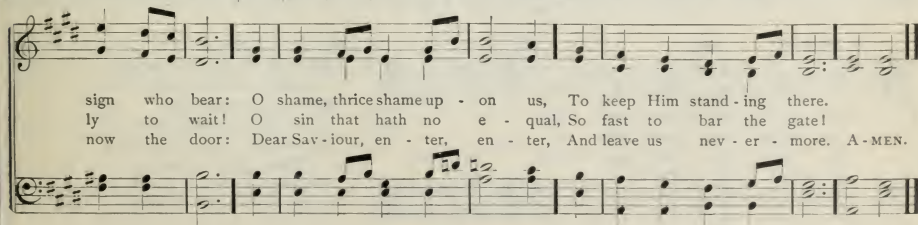
Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752-1817)
The Rev. Edward Husband (1843-)



1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
2 O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en -
3 O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My



wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: Shame on us, Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and
cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient -
chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen



sign who bear: O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A - MEN.

CONSECRATION

O Jesus, I have Promised

DAY OF REST 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. John Ernest Bode (1816-1874), 1869

James William Elliott (1816-)

1 O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My
 2 O! let me feel Thee near me—The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that daz - zle, The
 3 O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in glo - ry There

Voices in Unison

Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side, Nor wander from the pathway,
 tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in; But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er,
 shall Thy ser - vant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end; O, give me grace to fol - low

In Harmony

If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 And shield my soul from sin.
 My Mas - ter and my Friend! A - MEN.

- 4 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
 And in them plant mine own,
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone.
 O guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end;
 And then in Heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend! AMEN.

CONSECRATION

Father! I Know that all My Life

Anna Letitia Waring (1820-), 1850

ST. BEDE 8.6.8.6.8.6.

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1866

1 Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; And the changes that are
 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the glad with
 3 I would not have the rest - less will That hur-ries to and fro, Seek ing for some great

sure to come I do not fear to see: But I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind,
 joy - ful smiles, And to wipe the weep - ing eyes; And a heart at leis - ure from it - self
 thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know; I would be treat - ed as a child,

In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
 To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
 And guid - ed where I go. A - MEN.

4 So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 And a mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified. AMEN.

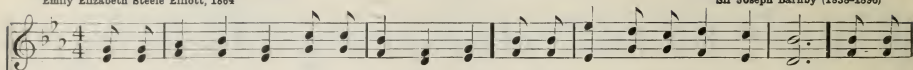
CONSECRATION

Thou didst Leave Thy Throne

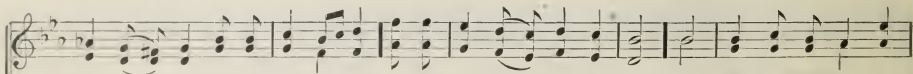
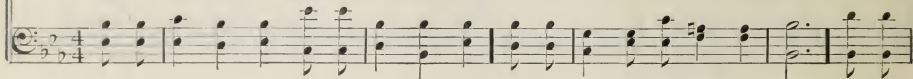
VENI, DOMINE JESU 10. 8. 10. 8. 8. 8.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1864

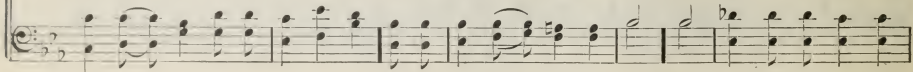
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)



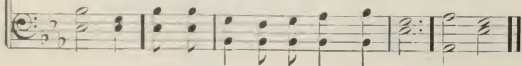
- 1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou cam - est to earth for me; But in
 2 Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in
 3 The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the shade of the for - est tree; But Thy



Beth-lehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O, come to my heart, Lord
 low - ly birth Thou didst come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty: O, come to my heart, Lord
 couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O, come to my heart, Lord



Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee! A - MEN.



- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
 That should set Thy people free;
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
 They bore Thee to Calvary.—O, come, etc.
- 5 When Heaven's arches shall ring and her choir
 At Thy coming to victory, [shall sing
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there
 is room,
 There is room at My side for thee!"—O, etc.
 AMEN.

CONSECRATION

Trustingly, Trustingly, Jesus to Thee

CAMBORNE 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1866

Fred C. Maker (1844-)

1 Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus to Thee Come I; Lord, lov - ing - ly Come Thou to me;
2 Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, Walk I with Thee: Je - sus, my Lord, Thou art All, all to me:

Then shall I lov - ing - ly, Then shall I joy - ful - ly, Walk here with Thee.
Peace Thou hast left to us, Thy peace hast given to us, So let it be. A - MEN.

3 Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I above?
What have I left on earth?
Only Thy love!
Come then, O Saviour, come;
Come then, O Spirit, come,
Heavenly Dove!

4 Happily, happily,
Pass I along,
Eager to work for Thee,
Earnest and strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.

5 Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go;
Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow. AMEN.

CONSECRATION

III

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1857

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter:
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look un - to Me, thy

one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I came to Je - sus as I was,
 thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank
 morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found

Wear - y and worn and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 In Him my star, my sun: And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. AMEN.

The tune "Audientes," number 142, may also be used for this hymn

CONSECRATION

Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me

HURSTLEIGH 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871). 1850

Henry Lealle (1822-1896)

1 Gra-cious Spir - it, dwell with me, I my - self would gra-cious be, And, with words that help and heal,
 2 Truth-ful Spir - it, dwell with me, I my - self would truthful be, And, with wis - dom kind and clear,
 3 Ten - der Spir - it, dwell with me, I my - self would ten - der be, — Shut my heart up like a flower,

Would Thy life in mine re - veal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Saviour speak.
 Let Thy life in mine ap - pear; And, with ac-tions brother - ly, Speak my Lord's sin-cer i - ty.
 At temptation's darksome hour; O - pen it when shines the sun, And His love by fra-grance own. A-MEN.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
 I myself would quiet be, —
 Quiet as the growing blade,
 Which through earth its way hath made;
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
 I myself would mighty be, —
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where, unaided, man must fail;
 Ever, by a mighty hope,
 Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
 I myself would holy be, —
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good;
 And whatever I can be,
 Give to Him who gave me Thee. AMEN.

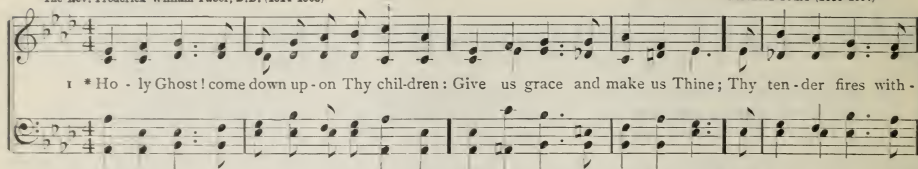
THE HOLY SPIRIT

Holy Ghost! Come Down upon Thy Children

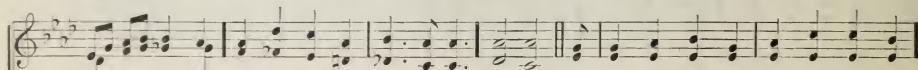
PARACLETE 9.7.9.7.9.7.9.7.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)

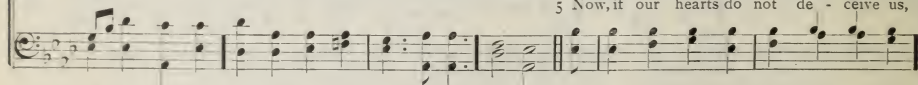
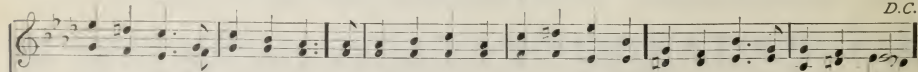
Berthold Tours (1838-1897)



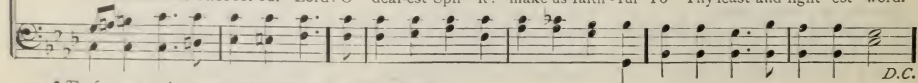
1 * Ho - ly Ghost! come down up - on Thy chil - dren: Give us grace and make us Thine; Thy ten - der fires with -



in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spir - it! Dove di - vine! A-MEN. 2 For all with - in us, good and ho - ly,
 3 For Thou to us art more than fa - ther,
 4 O, we have grieved Thee, gra - cious Spir - it!
 5 Now, if our hearts do not de - ceive us,

Is from Thee, Thy pre - cious gift; In all our joys, in all our sor - rows, Wist - ful hearts to Thee we lift.
 More than sis - ter in Thy love, So gen - tle, pa - tient, and for - bear - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove!
 Wayward, wan - ton, cold are we; And still our sins, new ev - ery morn - ing, Nev - er yet have wea - ried Thee.
 We would take Thee for our Lord! O dear - est Spir - it! make us faith - ful To Thy least and light - est word.



* The first verse to be sung as refrain after each succeeding verse

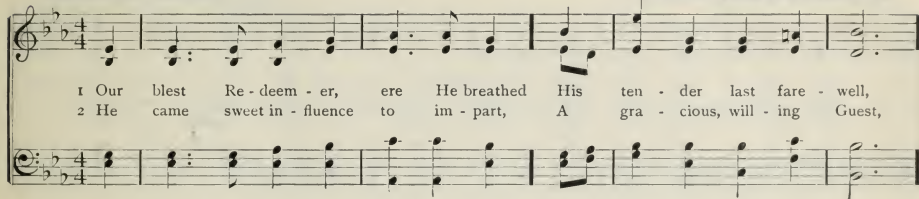
THE HOLY SPIRIT

Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed

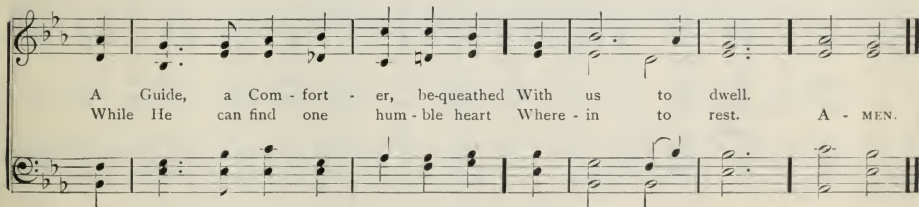
ST. CUTHBERT 8.6.8.4.

Harriet Auber (1773-1862), 1829

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861



1 Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
2 He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,



A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell.
While He can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest. A - MEN.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. AMEN.

O God of Mercy, God of Might

LOVE 8.8.8.6.

The Rev. Godfrey Turing (1823-), 1880

The Rev. George William Torrance (1835-)

1 O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite,
2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die, That fall - en man might live there - by,

Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee.
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry, In hope, O Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatso'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 't is ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. AMEN.

LOVE FOR OTHERS

Purer yet and Purer

ST. MARY MAGDALENE 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1862

1 Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and dear - er
 2 Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain, Sur - er yet and sur - er
 3 High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and near - er

Ev - ery du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
 Peace at last to gain; Suffer - ing still and do - ing, To His will re - signed,
 Ris - ing to the light — Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
 And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
 Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest. AMEN.

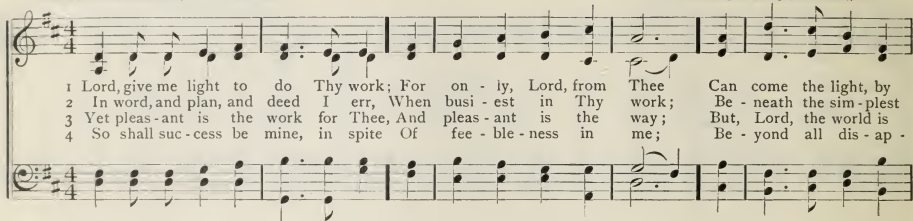
- 4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on;
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed. AMEN.

Lord, Give Me Light to do Thy Work

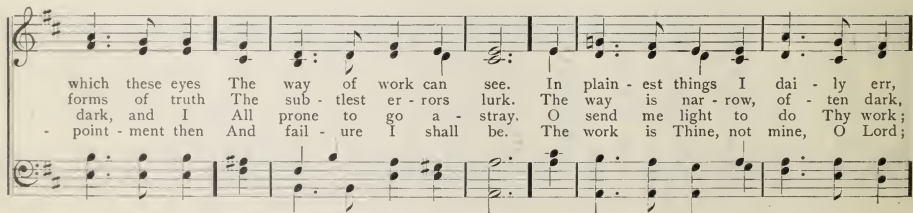
The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D. (1808-1889)

ST. LUKE C. M. D.

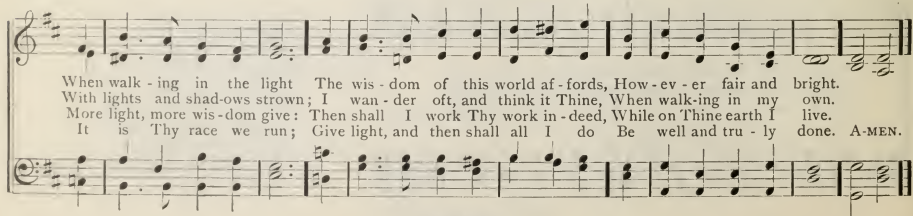
Sir Joseph Barnby (1833-1896), 1876



1 Lord, give me light to do Thy work; For on - ly, Lord, from Thee Can come the light, by
 2 In word, and plan, and deed I err, When busi - est in Thy work; Be - neath the sim - plest
 3 Yet pleas - ant is the work for Thee, And pleas - ant is the way; But, Lord, the world is
 4 So shall suc - cess be mine, in spite Of fee - ble - ness in me; Be - yond all dis - ap -



which these eyes The way of work can see. In plain - est things I dai - ly err,
 forms of truth The sub - tlest er - rors lurk. The way is nar - row, of - ten dark,
 dark, and I All prone to go a - stray. O send me light to do Thy work;
 - point - ment then And fail - ure I shall be. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;



When walk - ing in the light The wis - dom of this world af - fords, How - ev - er fair and bright.
 With lights and shad - ows strown; I wan - der oft, and think it Thine, When walk - ing in my own.
 More light, more wis - dom give: Then shall I work Thy work in - deed, While on Thine earth I live.
 It is Thy race we run; Give light, and then shall all I do Be well and tru - ly done. A-MEN.

I Gave My Life for Thee

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1858

ST. OLAVE 6.6.6.6.6.6.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

1 "I gave My life for thee; My pre-cious blood I shed, That thou might'st ran-somed be,
2 "I spent long years for thee, In wea-ri-ness and woe, That an e-ter-ni-ty

And quickened from the dead. I gave My life for thee: What hast thou given for Me?
Of joy thou might-est know. I spent long years for thee: Hast thou spent one for Me? A-MEN.

3 "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"

5 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call. AMEN.

O Happy Band of Pilgrims

St. Joseph of the Studium

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1862

ST. ANSELM 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

1 O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread, With Je-sus as your Fel-low, To
 2 The cross that Je-sus car-ried He car-ried as your due: The crown that Je-sus wear-eth He
 3 What are they but fore-run-ners To lead you to His sight? What are they save the efflu-ence Of

Je-sus as your Head. O hap-py, if ye la-bor As Je-sus did for men: O hap-py, if ye
 wear-eth it for you. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn, The love that through all
 un-cre-at-ed Light? The tri-als that be-set you, The sor-rows ye en-dure, The man-i-fold temp-

hun-ger As Je-sus hun-gered then,
 troub-le To Him a-lone will turn:
 ta-tions That Death a-lone can cure: A-MEN.

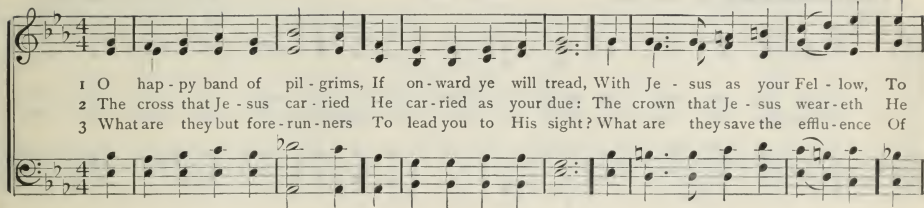
- 4 What are they, but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder,
 Set up to Heaven on earth?
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies;
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize. AMEN.

O Happy Band of Pilgrims

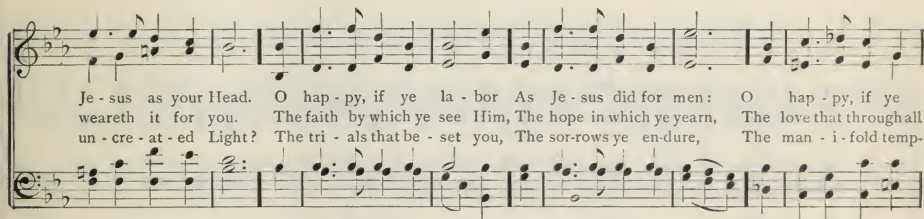
CHESTER 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

(SECOND TUNE)

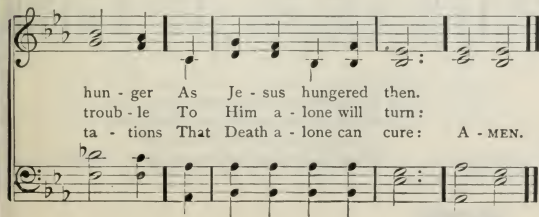
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)



1 O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread, With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To
 2 The cross that Je - sus car - ried He car - ried as your due: The crown that Je - sus wear - eth He
 3 What are they but fore - run - ners To lead you to His sight? What are they save the efflu - ence Of



Je - sus as your Head. O hap - py, if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men: O hap - py, if ye
 weareth it for you. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn, The love that through all
 un - cre - at - ed Light? The tri - als that be - set you, The sor - rows ye en - dure, The man - i - fold temp -



hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then.
 trou - ble To Him a - lone will turn:
 ta - tions That Death a - lone can cure: A - MEN.

- 4 What are they, but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder,
 Set up to Heaven on earth?
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies;
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize. AMEN.

SERVICE

O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

MARYTON L. M.

The Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D. (1836-), 1879

The Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825-)

1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2 Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win - ning word of love;

Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way. A - MEN.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. AMEN.

Saviour, Thy Dying Love

WINTERTON 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

The Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, D.D. (1816-)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

1 Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with - hold,
 2 At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up,
 3 Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de - part - ing day

Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,
 Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare,
 Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done,

Some offer - ing bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee!
 Some song to raise, or prayer, — Some - thing for Thee!
 Some wan - derer sought and won, — Some - thing for Thee! A - MEN.

4 All that I am and have,
 Thy gifts so free,
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee! AMEN.

Calm Me, My God

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1856

ST. ELIZABETH C. M. D.

Edward John Hopkins (1813-)

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breezes blow; Be like the night-dew's
 3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Let Thine out-stretched wing Be like the shade of
 5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my power -

cooling balm Upon earth's fevered brow! 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft
 Elim's palm, Beside her desert spring. 4 Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude The
 ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain; 6 Calm, as the ray of sun or star, Which

resting on Thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.
 sounds my ear that greet; Calm in the closet's solitude, Calm in the bustling street;
 storms assail in vain, Moving unruffled through earth's war The eternal calm to gain! A-MEN.

PRAYER

My God, is any Hour so Sweet

PRAYER 8.8.8.4.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1834

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 3/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are as follows:

1 My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even - ing star,
 2 Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,

As that which calls me to Thy feet, — The hour of prayer?
 When, on the wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave. A - MEN.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
 Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
 Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of Heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
 Here for my every want I find;
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear:
 My spirit seems in Heaven to stay;
 And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to thee. AMEN.

PRAYER

Jesus, still Lead On

ST. HUBERT 5.5.8.8.5.5.

Nicolaus Ludwig, Count von Zinzendorf (1700-1760), 1721
 Tr. Jane Borthwick (1813-), 1853

The Rev. Leicester Darwall (1813-)

1 Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheer-less,
 2 If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less fears o'er-take us,

We will fol - low, calm and fear-less; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land.
 Let not faith and hope for - sake us; For through many a foe, To our Home we go. A - MEN.

3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When oppressed by new temptations,
 Lord, increase and perfect patience,
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland. AMEN.

Nearer, my God, to Thee

HORBURY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848), 1840

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1860

1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
2 Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee! AMEN.

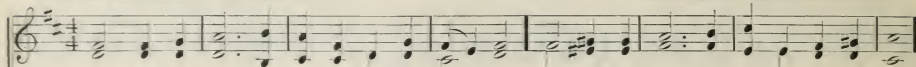
COMMUNION WITH GOD

Father, in Thy Mysterious Presence Kneeling

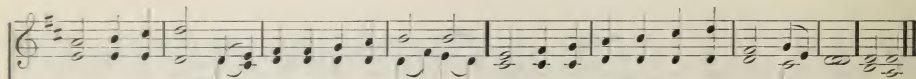
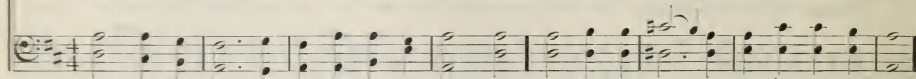
STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

The Rev. Samuel Johnson (), 1870

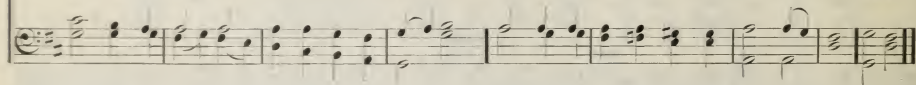
The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1875



1 Fa - ther, in Thy mys - te - rious pres - ence kneel - ing, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kin - dling love;



For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove. AMEN.



2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. AMEN.

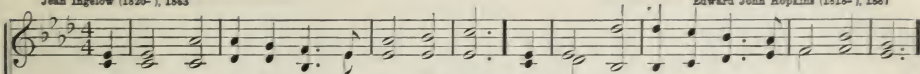
COMMUNION WITH GOD

And Didst Thou Love the Race

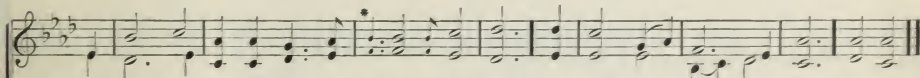
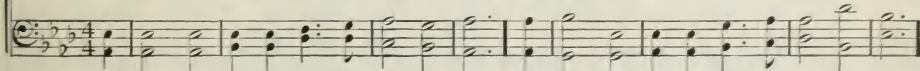
ARTAVIA 10.10.10.6.

Jean Ingelow (1820-), 1863

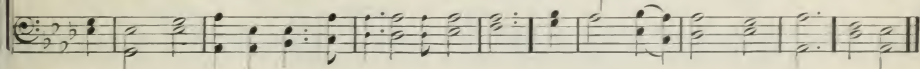
Edward John Hopkins (1818-), 1867



1 And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee? And didst Thou take to heaven a hu - man brow?
 2 O God! O kins-man loved, but not e - nough! O Man! with eyes ma - jes - tic af - ter death,



Dost plead with man's voice by the mar - vel-lous sea? Art Thou his kins - man now?
 Whose feet have toiled a - long our path - ways rough, Whose lips drawn hu - man breath; A-MEN.



• Small notes for first verse

3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
 By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
 By that high heaven, where sinless Thou dost shine,
 To draw us sinners in;

4 By thy last silence in the judgment hall,
 By long fore-knowledge of the deadly tree,
 By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,—
 I pray Thee visit me.

5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
 Die ere the guest adored she entertain, —
 Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
 Should miss Thy heavenly reign. AMEN.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

Lead, Kindly Light

LUX BENIGNA, No. 1 10.4. 10.4. 10.10.

The Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801-1890), 1833

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years!
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

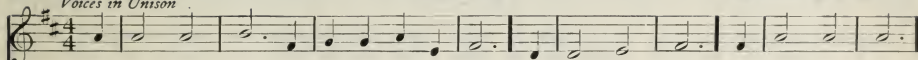
Lead, Kindly Light

LUX BENIGNA, No. II 10.8.10.8.10.10.

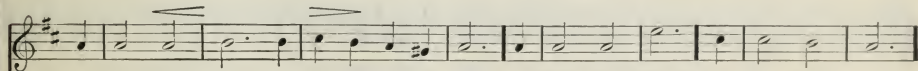
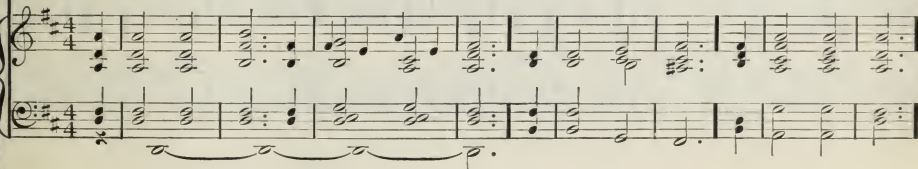
(SECOND TUNE)

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

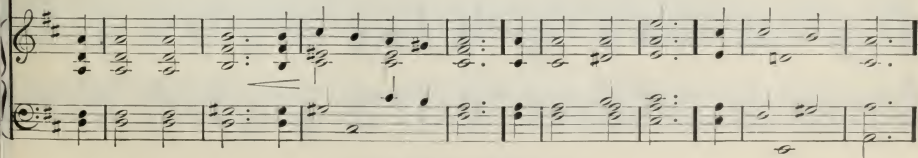
Voices in Unison



1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on;
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on, Shouldst lead me on;

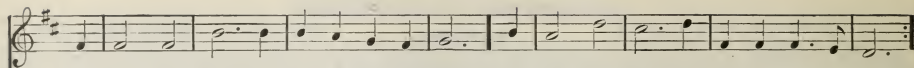


The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on!

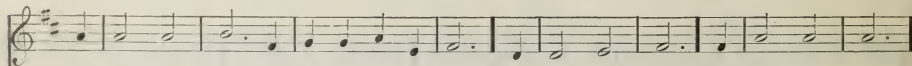
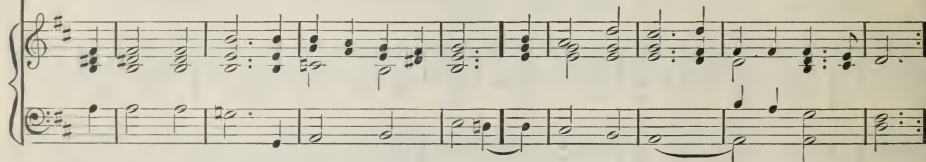


COMMUNION WITH GOD

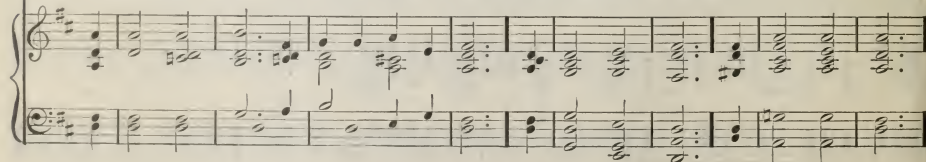
Lead, Kindly Light — *Continued*



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years!



3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, Will lead me on.



COMMUNION WITH GOD

Lead, Kindly Light — *Concluded*

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, The night is gone,

The first system of the musical score for 'Lead, Kindly Light'. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while! A-MEN.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking above the staff. The piano accompaniment also includes a 'rit.' marking below the staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

WHITTIER 8.6.8.8.6.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

Fred C. Maker (1844-)

1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fever - ish ways! Re - clothe us in our
 2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian sea, The gra - cious call - ing
 3 O Sab - bath rest by Gal - li - lee! O calm of hills a - bove! Where Je - sus knelt to

right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev -'rence, praise.
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 share with thee The si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pre - ted by love! A-MEN.

4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
 As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm! AMEN.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

Still, Still with Thee

WINDSOR 11. 10. 11. 10.

Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe (1812-1896), 1855

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

I Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing breaketh, When the bird wak - eth, and the shad-ows flee;

the sweet

Fair - er than morn-ing, love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! AMEN.

the sweet

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought: I am with Thee! AMEN.

To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour

SAVOY CHAPEL 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875), 1863

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

1 To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest; My peace is in Thy
2 In Thee my trust a - bid - eth; On Thee my hope re - lies; O Thou whose love pro-

fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast. Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that
vid - eth For all be - neath the skies! O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bondage

I am Thine; And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine!
set me free, And then for - ev - er bound me With three-fold cords to Thee! A-MEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour — *Concluded*

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose. AMEN.

I 32

Sweet is Thy Mercy, Lord

MONSELL S.M.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875), 1862

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1868

I Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy - seat My soul, a - dor-ing, pleads Thy word,

And owns Thy mercy sweet. AMEN.

2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy joy, Thy mercy sweet. AMEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

Rise, My Soul! and Stretch Thy Wings

AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

The Rev. Robert Seagrave, M. A. (1693-1759?), 1742

James Nares? (1715-1783)

1 Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si - to - ry things,
 2 Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as - cend-ing, seeks the sun;
 3 Fly me, rich-es! fly me, cares! Whilst I that coast ex - plore; Flat-tering world! with all thy snares,

Towards Heaven, thy na-tive place: Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
 Both speed them to their source; So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view His glo - rious Face;
 So - lic - it me no more! Pil-grims fix not here their home; Strangers tar - ry but a night;

4 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies!
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for Heaven.

Rise, my soul! and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.
 Up - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light. A-MEN.

AMEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

Awake, my Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

CHRISTMAS 8.6.8.6.6.

The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)

Arr. from George Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)

1 A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav - en - ly race de -
 2 A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold Thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al -

mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 read - y trod, And on - ward urge Thy way, And on - ward urge thy way. A - MEN.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye, —

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down. AMEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee

ST. CHAD 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Francis Scott Key (1799-1843). 1824

Richard Redhead (1820-)

1 Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows, For the pardoning grace that saves me,
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far a - stray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,

Voices in Unison.

Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or, This dull soul to rap-ture raise;
Praise, with love's de-vout-est feel-ing, Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,

And the peace that from it flows.
From the paths of death a-way.

In Harmony.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to
[bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas-
[ure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
AMEN.

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re-veal-ing, Bade the blood-stain'd Cross ap-pear. AMEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

The King of Love my Shepherd is

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, M.A., Bart. (1821-1877), 1868

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868

1 The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er:
2 Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead-eth,

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er.
And, where the ver-dant past-ures grow, With food ce-less-tial feed-eth. A-MEN.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. AMEN.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

God is My Strong Salvation

CHENIES 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

James Montgomery (1771-1854)

The Rev. Timothy Richard Matthews (1826)

1 God is my strong sal - va - tion: What foe have I to fear? In dark-ness and temp - ta - tion,
2 Place on the Lord re - li - ance; My soul, with cour-age wait: His truth be thine af - fi - ance

My Light, my Help is near. Tho' hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand:
When faint and des - o - late. His might thy heart shall strength-en, His love thy joy in - crease;

What ter - ror can con - found me With God at my right hand?
Mer - cy thy days shall length - en: The Lord will give thee peace. A - MEN.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

In Heavenly Love Abiding

STIRLING 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Anna Letitia Waring (1820-

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

1 In heav-en-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con - fid - ing,
 2 Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me,
 3 Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me,

For noth - ing chang - es here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
 And noth - ing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth; His sight is nev - er dim;
 Where the dark clouds have been. My hope I can - not meas - ure, The path to life is free:

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me. A - MEN.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

Sometimes a Light Surprises

BENTLEY 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

William Cowper (1731-1800), 1773

John Hullah, LL.D. (1812-1884), 1867

1 Some-times a Light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while He sings; It is the Lord, Who ris - es
 2 In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion,
 3 It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing

With heal - ing on His wings! When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 And find it ev - er new: Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Will clothe His peo - ple too; Be - neath the spreading heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;

A sea - son of clearshin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
 Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may!
 And He Who feeds the ra - vens Will give His children bread. A - MEN.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice. AMEN.

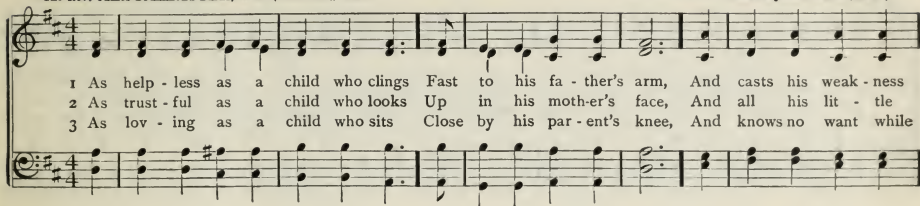
TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

As Helpless as a Child who Clings

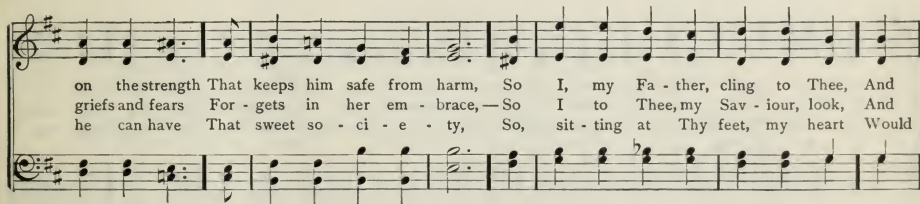
FATHERHOOD C. M. D.

The Rev. James Drummond Burns, M.A. (1823-1864), 1856

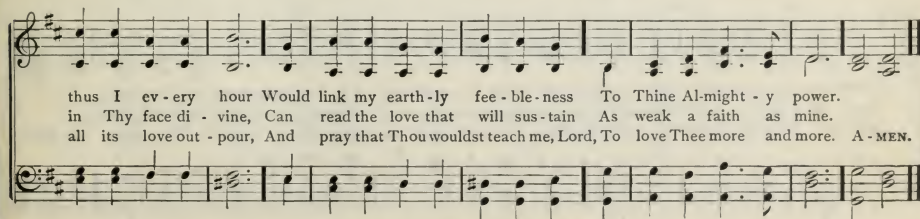
John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)



1 As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's arm, And casts his weak - ness
 2 As trust - ful as a child who looks Up in his moth - er's face, And all his lit - tle
 3 As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's knee, And knows no want while



on the strength That keeps him safe from harm, So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And
 griefs and fears For - gets in her em - brace, — So I to Thee, my Sav - iour, look, And
 he can have That sweet so - ci - e - ty, So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would



thus I ev - ery hour Would link my earth - ly fee - ble - ness To Thine Al - might - y power.
 in Thy face di - vine, Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.
 all its love out - pour, And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

Holy Father, Thou hast Taught Me

FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866)

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1867

1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone; Year by year, Thy hand hath
 2 In the world will foes as - sail me, Craft-ier, stronger far than I; And the strife may nev - er
 3 I would trust in Thy pro - tect - ing, Whol-ly rest up-on Thine arm, Fol - low whol-ly Thy di-

brought me On through dan - gers oft un - known. When I wan - dered, Thou hast found me; When I
 fail me, Well I know, be - fore I die. There-fore, Lord, I come, be - liev - ing Thou canst
 rect - ing, Thou, mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me

doubt-ed, sent me light; Still Thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in Thy sight.
 give the power I need; Through the prayer of faith re - ceiv - ing Strength,—the Spirit's strength indeed.
 turn to Thee when tried; Still my foot-steps, Fa - ther, view - ing, Keep me ev - er at Thy side. A - MEN.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

Dear Jesus, Ever at my Side

Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1849

AUDIENTES C. M. D.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)

Voices in unison

Organ

1 Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
 2 I can - not feel Thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my moth - er did
 3 And when, dear Sav-iour, I kneel down, Morn-ing and night, to prayer, Something there is with - in my heart

Voices in harmony

A sin - ful child like me! Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;
 When I was but a child. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts Fighting with sin for me;
 Which tells me Thou art there. Yes, when I pray, Thou pray-est too; Thy prayer is all for me:

The sweet - ness of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet-ness is from Thee.
 But when I sleep, Thou sleep - est not, But watch-est pa - tient-ly. A - MEN.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

My God, I Thank Thee, Who hast Made

CARROW 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864), 1858

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)

1 My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splen-dor and of joy,
 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound; So ma - ny gen-tle thoughts and deeds
 3 For Thou Who know-est, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings, Hast given us joys, ten - der and true,

Beau - ty and light; So ma - ny glo rious things are here, No - ble and right.
 Cir - cling us round; That in the dark-est spot of earth Some love is found.
 Yet all with wings; So that we see, gleaming on high, Di - vin - er things. A - MEN.

* Small notes for verses 2 and 3

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 The best in store;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more:
 A yearning for a deeper peace,
 Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest;
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast. AMEN.

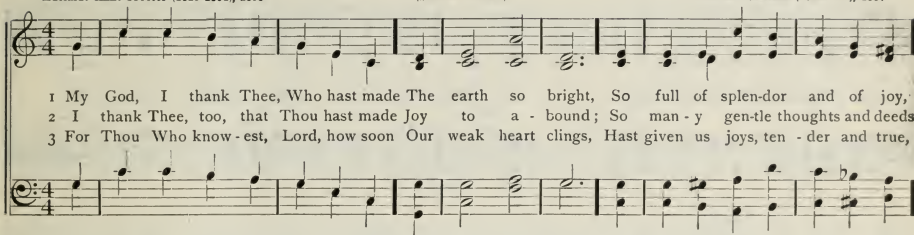
My God, I Thank Thee, Who Hast Made

WENTWORTH 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

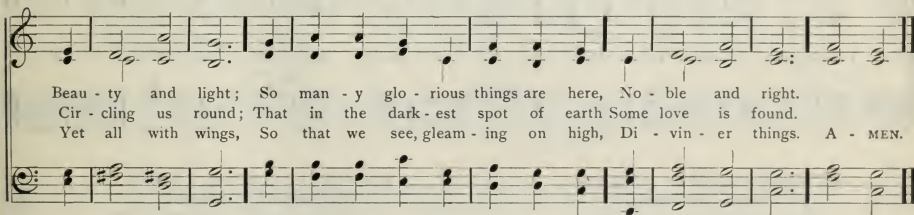
Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864), 1868

(SECOND TUNE)

Fred C. Maker (1844-), 1887



1 My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splen-dor and of joy,
 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound; So man - y gen-tle thoughts and deeds
 3 For Thou Who know - est, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings, Hast given us joys, ten - der and true,



Beau - ty and light; So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
 Cir - cling us round; That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.
 Yet all with wings, So that we see, gleam - ing on high, Di - vin - er things. A - MEN.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 The best in store;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more;
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest;
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast. AMEN.

GRATITUDE

When All Thy Mercies, O My God

BELMONT C. M.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 1712

Samuel Webbe (1740-1816)

I When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. AMEN.

GRATITUDE

Now Thank We All Our God

Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1837-1878), 1858

MARENZO 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

The Rev. Johann Crüger (1598-1662), 1648

1 Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voice, Who wondrous things hath done,
 2 O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us, With ever joy-ful hearts
 3 All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther, now be giv-en, The Son, and Him Who reigns

In whom His word re-joice; Who from our moth-er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
 And bless-ed peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per-plexed,
 With them in high-est Heav-en, The One E-ter-nal God, Whom earth and Heaven a-dore;

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.
 And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev-er more. A - MEN.

GRATITUDE

Jesus Christ, our Saviour

William Whiting (1825-1878), 1860

WHITING 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1872

1 Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a Child, In Thy whole be - hav - iour
 2 For the va - ried bless - ings Giv - en us to share; Moth - er's fond ca - res - s - ings,
 3 For all Thou be - stow - est, All Thou dost with - hold; What - so - e'er Thou know - est

Meek, o - be - dient, mild; In Thy foot - steps tread - ing We Thy lambs will be,
 Fa - ther's guard - ian care; For our friends and kin - dred, For our dai - ly food,
 Best for us, Thy fold; For all gifts and grac - es While we live be - low,

Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low Thee.
 For our wander - ings hin - d - ered, For our learn - ing good;
 Till in heav - en - ly plac - es We Thy face shall know; A - MEN.

Jesus Christ, our Saviour — *Concluded*

4 We Thy children raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts:
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

5 Let Thine angels guide us;
Let Thine arms enfold;
In Thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To Thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host
Praising Thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost. AMEN.

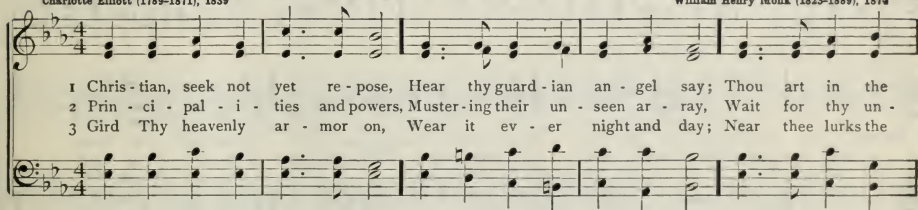
I47

Christian, Seek not yet Repose

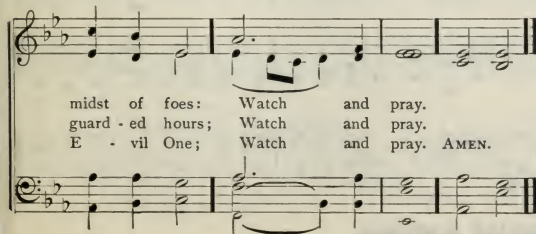
VIGILATE 7.7.7.3.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1839

William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1874



1 Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Hear thy guard - ian an - gel say; Thou art in the
2 Prin - ci - pal - i - ties and powers, Muster - ing their un - seen ar - ray, Wait for thy un -
3 Gird Thy heavenly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er night and day; Near thee lurks the



midst of foes: Watch and pray.
guard - ed hours; Watch and pray.
E - vil One; Watch and pray. AMEN.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. AMEN.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826)

LASAR C.M.D.

Josiah Booth (1852-), 1890

*Animato. Voices in unison**cres.*

- 1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
 2 The mar-tyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master

*Animato**Ped.**cres.*

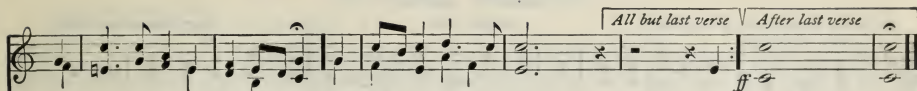
streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o - ver pain,
 in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,

dim.

This tune is inscribed to the Students of the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Copyright in 1890 by S. LASAR

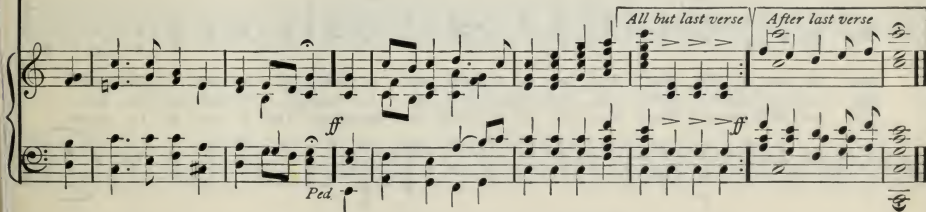
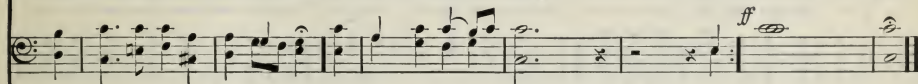
CHRISTIAN WARFARE

The Son of God Goes Forth to War—*Concluded*



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?

The
A A . . . MEN.



3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! AMEN.

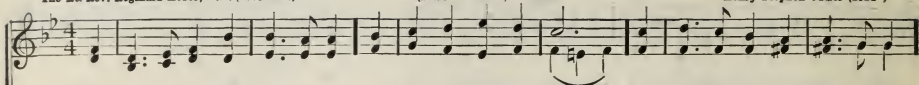
The Son of God Goes Forth to War

INDEX C. M. D.

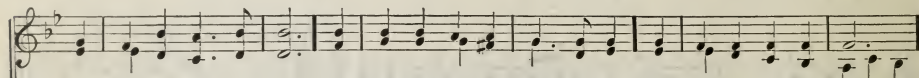
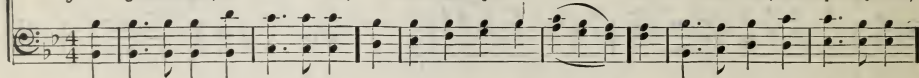
The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826)

(SECOND TUNE)

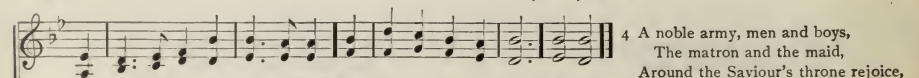
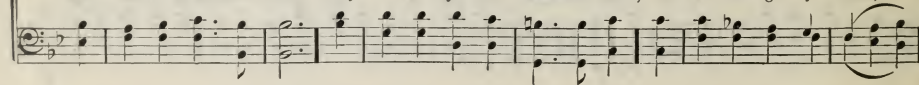
Henry Stephen Cutler (1824-)



1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far :
 2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave; Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky,
 3 A glorious band, the chos en few, On whom the Spir - it came: Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew,

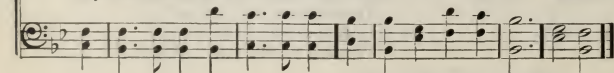


Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umphant o - ver pain,
 And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 And mocked the cross and flame. They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train? A-MEN.

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train! AMEN.



CHRISTIAN WARFARE

Christian, Dost Thou See Them

HOLY WAR 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

St. Andrew of Crete (660-732)

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1862

Voices in unison.

Josiah Booth (1852-), 1887

1 Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the troops of Mi - dian,
 2 Chris-tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and vig - il?"

Org. Sw.

Harmony

Prowl and prowl a - round? Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;
 Al - ways watch and prayer?" Chris-tian, an - swer bold - ly, "While I breathe I pray."

Org. Ped.

3 "Well I know thy trouble,
 O My servant true;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary too!
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all Mine own;
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My throne." AMEN.

Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross.
 Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day. A - MEN.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus

The Rev. George Duffield, Jr., D.D. (1818-1888), 1858

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Lausanne Psalter

1 Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
 2 Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey; Forth to the mighty con - flict,
 3 Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone: The arm of flesh will fail you,

It must not suf - fer loss. From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
 In this His glo - rious day. "Ye that are men, now serve Him" A - gainst un - numbered foes;
 Ye dare not trust your own. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;

Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there. A - MEN.

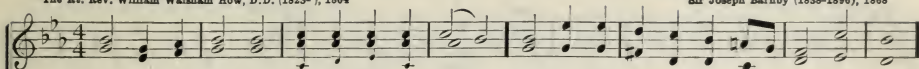
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally! AMEN.

For All the Saints

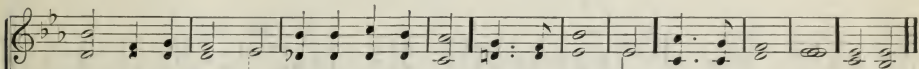
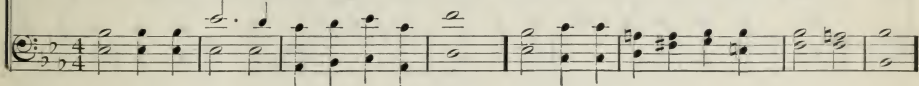
SARUM 10.10.10.4.4.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D. (1823-), 1864

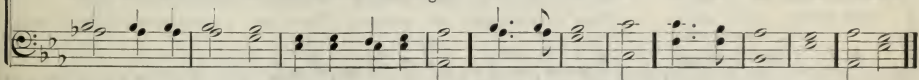
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1868



1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con fessed,
 2 Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well - fought fight;
 3 O may Thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old,



Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their one true Light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 And win with them the vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.



4 O blest communion! Fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
 Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
 Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia! AMEN.

THE BLESSED DEAD

Every Morning the Red Sun

HEAVENLY REST 7.5.7.5.7.7.

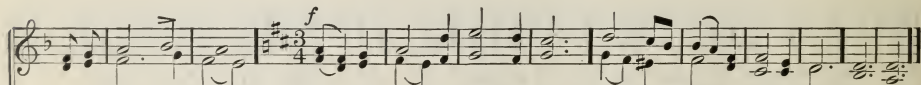
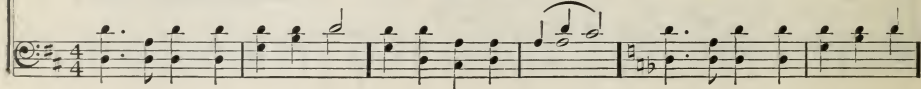
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1848

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

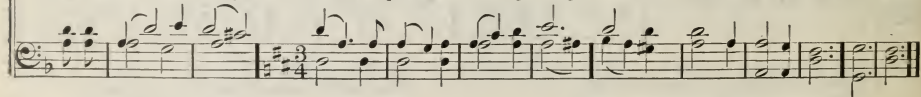


1 Ev - ery morn - ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright;
 2 Ev - ery spring the sweet young flowers O - pen bright and gay,
 3 Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise All the sum - mer long;

But the even - ing com - eth on,
 Till the chil - ly au - tumn hours
 But in cold - er, short - er days



And the dark, cold night; There's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er - ending day.
 With - er them a - way: There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are always green.
 They for - get their song: There's a place where an - gels sing Cease - less prais - es to their King. A - MEN.



4 Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him!
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim;
 There is a most happy place,
 Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land
 All who do the right;
 Holy children there shall stand
 In their robes of white;
 For that heaven so bright and blest
 Is our everlasting rest. AMEN.

O What the Joy and the Glory Must Be

O QUANTA QUALIA 10. 10. 10. 10.

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. (1818-1866), 1854

Melody from La Feillée

I O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those end - less Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see ;

Crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest ; God shall be all and in all ev - er blest. A - MEN.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne ?
What are the peace, and the joy that they own ?
O, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare.</p> | <p>5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.</p> |
| <p>3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of Peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.</p> | <p>6 Now in the meanwhile with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.</p> |
| <p>4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.</p> | <p>7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all ;
Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom, the Son ;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. AMEN.</p> |

* For the 1st verse, the slur is better over the 3d and 4th notes of this measure.

HEAVEN

Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices

SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. (1807-1855), 1862

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1874

1 Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es Chant-ing, at the crys - tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
2 March-ing with Thy cross their ban-ner, They have triumphed, fol-low-ing Thee, the Cap-tain of sal - va - tion,

Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee: Mul - ti - tude, which none can num - ber, Like the stars in
Thee, their Sav - iour and their King. Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they suf - fered; Glad - ly, Lord, with

glo - ry stands, Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - tory in their hands.
Thee they died; And by death to life im - mor - tal They were born and glo - ri - fied. A - MEN.

3 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite.
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

4 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose body, joined together,
All the saints forever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore,
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. AMEN.

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871), 1866

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1876

1 Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright, The ar - mies of the
 2 What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky; What ring - ing of a
 3 O then what rapt - ured greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore; What knit - ting sev - er - ed
 4 Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain! Fill up the roll of

ran - somed saints Throng up the steps of light: 'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their
 thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh. O day, for which cre - a - tion And
 friend - ships up, Where part - ings are no more. Then eyes with joy shall spark - le, That
 Thine e - lect, Then take Thy power, and reign! Ap - pear, De - sire of Na - tions, Thine

fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
 all its tribes were made; O joy for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand - fold re - paid.
 brimmed with tears of late: Or - phans no long - er fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
 ex - iles long for home! Show in the heaven Thy prom - ised sign; Thou Prince and Sav - iour, come! AMEN.

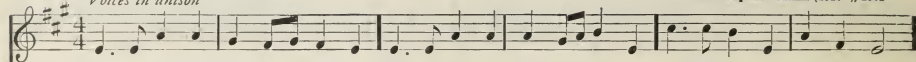
HEAVEN

Upward where the Stars are Burning

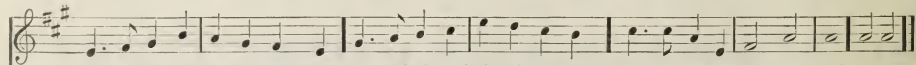
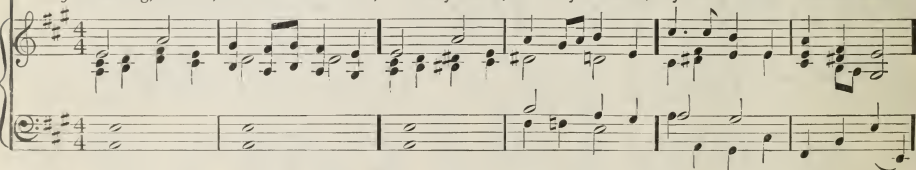
The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1809-1889), 1866

BONAR 8.8.7.8.8.7.

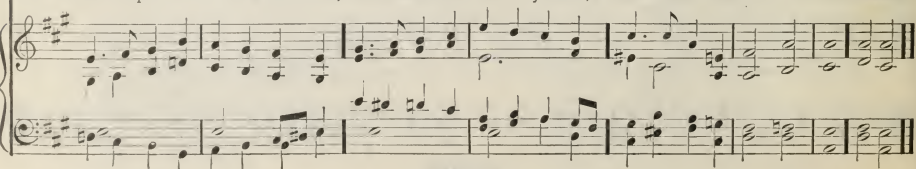
John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1872

Voices in unison

- 1 Up-ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si-lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the nev-er-changing pole;
 2 Far be-yond that arch of glad-ness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Are the ma-ni-man-sions fair.
 3 Where the glo-ry brightly dwell-eth, Where the new song sweetly swelleth, And the dis-cord nev-er comes;
 4 Where the Lamb on high is seat-ed, By ten-thou-sand voi-ces greeted: Lord of Lords, and King of kings.
 5 Bless-ing, hon-or, with-out meas-ure, Heavenly rich-es, earth-ly treasure, Lay we at His bless-ed feet.



Up-ward where the sky is bright-est, Upward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my long-ing soul.
 Far from pain and sin and fol-ly, In that pal-ace of the ho-ly— I would find my man-sion there.
 Where life's stream is ever lav-ing, And the palm is ev-er wav-ing;— That must be the Home of homes.
 Son of man, they crown, they crown Him, Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His Name the palace rings.
 Poor the praise that now we ren-der, Loud shall be our voi-ces yon-der, When before His throne we meet. AMEN.



HEAVEN

Jerusalem the Golden

Bernard of Morlaix, 12th Century
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1851

EWING 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Major Alexander Ewing (1830-1895), 1853

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion
2 They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel,
3 There is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care re - leased, The song of them that tri - umph,

Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not, What ho - ly joys are there;
And all the mar - tyr throng, The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;
The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond compare!
The past-ures of the bless-ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. A-MEN.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

HEAVEN

Jerusalem the Golden

URBS BEATA Irregular

Bernard of Morlaix, 12th Century
The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1851

(SECOND TUNE)

George Fitz-Carwood Le Jeune (1842-)

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be-
2 They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I
bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er

know not, What ho - ly joys are there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry,
in them, The day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed

HEAVEN

Jerusalem the Golden — *Concluded*

Je - ru - - - - - sa - lem the

What bliss be - yond com - pare! Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey
Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

gold - en! Be - neath

blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - MEN.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music concludes with a double bar line.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.

Jerusalem, My Happy Home

MATERNA C. M. D.

F. B. P., 16th Century

Version of James Montgomery (1771-1854), 1798 (?)

Samuel Augustus Ward (1847-)

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me, When shall my la - bors
 2 There hap - pier bowers than E - den bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know; Blest seats, through rude and
 3 A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there A - round my Sav - iour stand; And soon my friends in

have an end In joy and peace in Thee? When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
 storm - y scenes, I on - ward press to you. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home,

And pearl - y gates be - hold, Thy bul-warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 Or feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
 My soul still pants for Thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I Thy joys shall see. A-MEN.

HEAVEN

Hark! Hark, My Soul

PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1854

Henry Smart (1812-1879)

1 Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore:
 2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come!"
 3 Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea,
 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 5 An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 And through the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
 And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 Faith's jour - ney ends in wel - come to the wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A-MEN.

HEAVEN

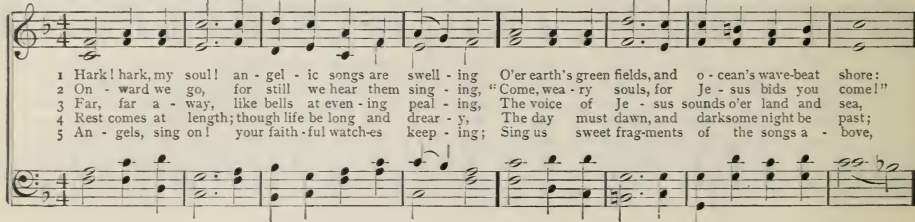
Hark! Hark, My Soul

VOX ANGELICA Irregular

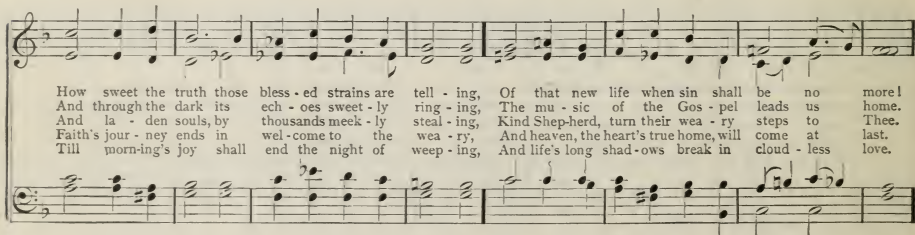
The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1854

(SECOND TUNE)

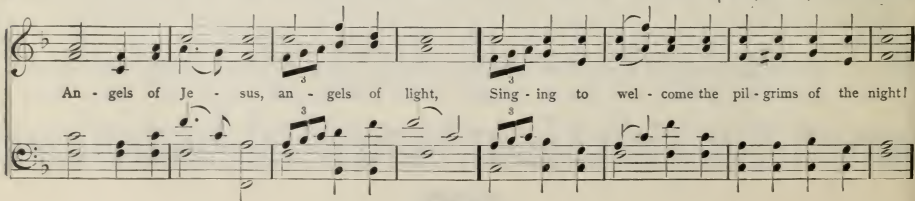
The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868



1 Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore:
 2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come!"
 3 Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea,
 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 5 An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments of the songs a - bove,



How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 And through the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
 And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 Faith's jour - ney ends in wel - come to the wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

HEAVEN

Hark ! Hark, My Soul — *Concluded*

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night ! A - MEN.

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Alleluia, Song of Gladness

DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1851

Edward John Hopkins (1818 -), 1872

Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. AMEN.

HEAVEN

Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

AUSTRIA 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. John Newton (1725-1807), 1779

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809), 1797

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spoken, Si - on, cit - y of our God; He, Whose Word cannot be broken,
 2 See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from E - ter - nal Love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters,
 3 Round each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear, For a glo - ry and a covering;

Formed thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake Thy sure re - pose?
 And all fear of want re - move: Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'assuage:
 Show - ing that the Lord is near. Thus de - riv - ing from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray. A - MEN.

HEAVEN

I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old

CORNELL *Irregular*

Mrs. Jemima Thompson Luke (1813-), 1841

John Henry Cornell (1828-1894), 1871

I I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men,

How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A-MEN.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home.
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old

PANSY Irregular

(SECOND TUNE)

The Rev. Henry James Poole (1843-), 1885

Voices in unison

I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, . . .

How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. . . A-MEN.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me." | 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven." |
| 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above, | 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN. |

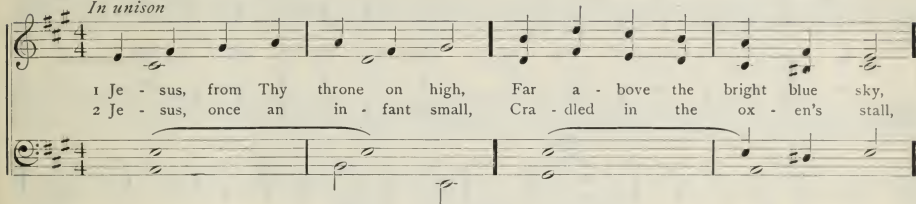
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Jesus, from Thy Throne on High

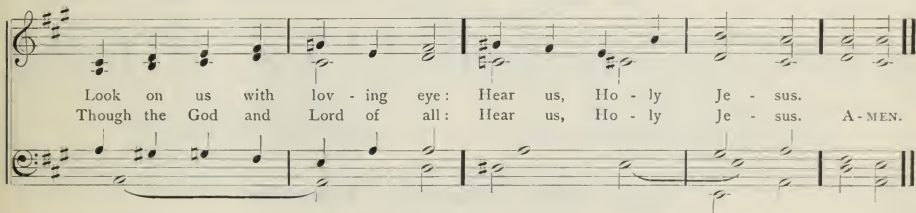
LITANY FOR CHILDREN 7. 7. 7. 6.

The Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-), 1875

The Rev. Frederick Alfred John Hervey (1846-)

In unison


1 Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2 Je - sus, once an in - fant small, Cra - dled in the ox - en's stall,



Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Though the God and Lord of all: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - MEN.

3 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus. AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7.

Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan (1814-1840), 1839

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861

I Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night:
Through the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - MEN.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. AMEN.

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7.

(SECOND TUNE)

Mrs. Charles Barnard (Claribel) (1834-1869).

Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night:

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me — *Concluded*

Through the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - MEN.

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Jesus, Gentlest Saviour

GENTLENESS 6.5.6.5.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1854

Charles Taylor Ives (1864-), 1895

I Je-sus, gentlest Sav-iour, God of might and power, Thou Thyself art dwelling With us at this hour. A - MEN.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

7 Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss? AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

There's a Friend for Little Children

Albert Midlane (1825-), 1859

IN MEMORIAM 8.6.7.6.7.6.

Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1875

I There's a Friend for lit-tle chil-dren, A-bove the bright blue sky, A Friend Who nev-er chang-es,
Whose love will nev-er die. Un-like our friends by na-ture, Who change with changing years,
This Friend is al-ways wor-thy The pre-cious name He bears. A-MEN.

2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And to His Father cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
For hymns of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone,
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd

REQUIEM 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Jane Elizabeth Leeson

The Rev. Jonathan Whittemore (1802-1860), 1842

Wilhelm August Ferdinand Schulthes (1816-1879), 1874

1 Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee; Gath - ered
 2 Ten - der Shep - herd, nev - er leave us, From Thy fold to go a - stray; By Thy
 3 Let Thy Ho - ly Word in - struct us, Fill our minds with heavenly light; Let Thy

with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be; Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly
 look of love di - rect - ed May we walk the oth - er way; Thus di - rect us, and pro -
 love and grace con - strain us To ap - prove what-e'er is right, Take Thine eas - y yoke and

Ped.

tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.
 tect us, Lest we fall to sin a prey.
 wear it, Feel Thy heav - y bur - den light. A - MEN.

- 4 Taught to lip the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd
 May we our thank-offerings bring;
 Then, with all the saints in glory,
 Join to praise our Lord and King. AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

The Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D. (1783-1826), 1812

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1861

1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows!

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - MEN.

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

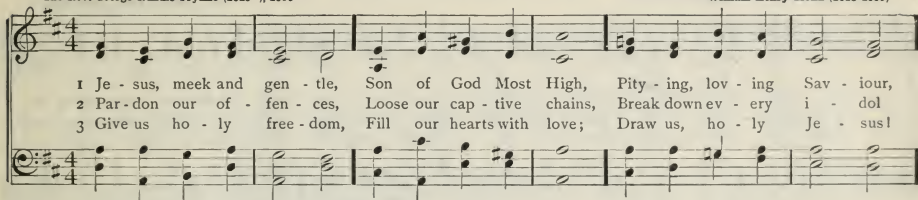
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Jesus, Meek and Gentle

The Rev. George Rundle Prynne (1818-), 1856

ST. CONSTANTINE 6.5.6.5.

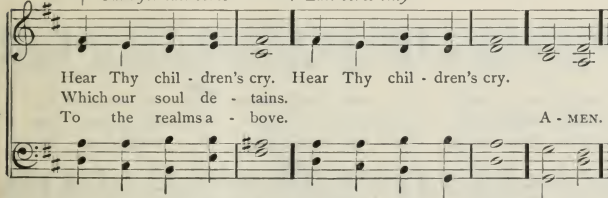
William Henry Monk (1823-1889)



1 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High, Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour,
2 Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains, Break down ev - ery i - dol
3 Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus!

Omit for last verse

Last verse only



Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
Which our soul de - tains.
To the realms a - bove. A - MEN.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

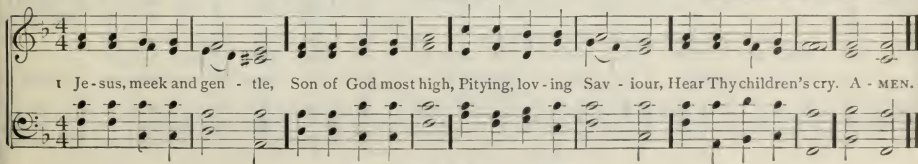
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. AMEN.

Jesus, Meek and Gentle

BEMERTON 6.5.6.5.

(SECOND TUNE)

Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D. (1804-1860)



1 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry. A - MEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I Love to Hear the Story

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller (1833-), 1867

SUPPLICATION 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Arthur Henry Mann (1850-)

1 I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of
 2 I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
 3 To sing His love and mer - cy My sweetest songs I'll raise; And, though I can - not

glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful; But
 ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
 see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kind - ly prom - ised That

this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
 foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
 e - ven I may go To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so. A - MEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William Whiting (1825-1878), 1860

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
 2 O Christ, Whose Voice the wa - ters heard And hushed their rag - ing at Thy Word,
 3 Most Ho - ly Spir - it, Who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
 4 O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;

Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;
 Who walk - edst in the foam - ing deep, And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep;
 And bid - d'st an - gry tu - mult cease, And give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace;
 From rock and temp - est, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go;

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 Thus ev - er - more shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A - MEN.

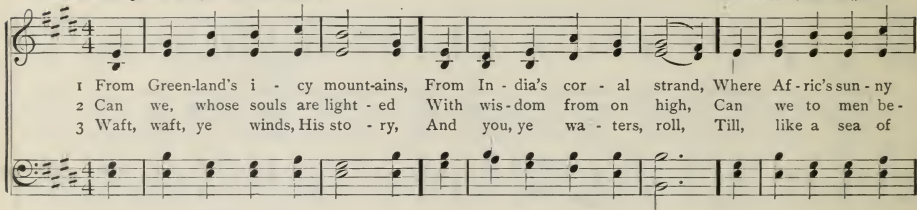
FOR THOSE AT SEA

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

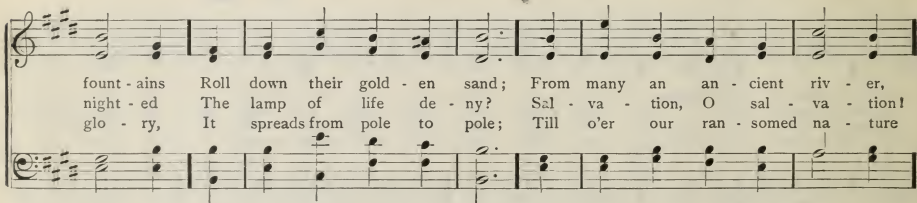
MISSIONARY HYMN 7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826), 1819

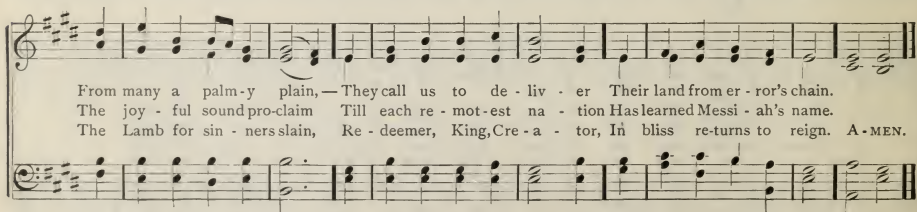
Lowell Mason (1792-1872), 1823



1 From Green-land's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
 2 Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Can we to men be -
 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of



fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er,
 night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion!
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture



From many a palm - y plain, — They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The joy - ful sound pro-claim Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Messi - ah's name.
 The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deemer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - MEN.

Now Be the Gospel Banner

MOSCOW 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1867

1 Now be the Gos-pel ban-ner In ev-ery land un-furled, And be the shout, Ho-san-na,
2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for-ev-er, O Je-sus, King of kings! Thy light, Thy love, Thy fa-vor,

Re-ech-oed through the world, Till ev-'ry isle and na-tion, Till ev-'ry tribe and tongue,
Each ran-somed cap-tive sings: The isles for Thee are wait-ing, The des-erts learn Thy praise,

Re-ceive the great sal-va-tion, And join the hap-py throng.
The hills and val-leys, greet-ing, The song re-spon-sive raise. A-MEN.

God in Heaven, Hear our Singing

BECK 8.7.8.7.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1869

Alberto Randegger (1832-)

Voices in unison

The musical score is written for voices in unison and piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano, and a single staff for the voices. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear structure of two main phrases. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

1 God in heav-en, hear our singing! On - ly lit - tle ones are we;

Yet a great pe - ti - tion bring - ing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee. A - MEN.

- 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest!
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!
- 3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above!
- 4 Father, send the glorious hour!
Every heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own. AMEN.

Uplift the Banner

WALTHAM L. M.

The Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D. (1799-1859), 1824

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1872

1 Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
 2 Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,

The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
 And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love di - vine. A MEN.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, gathering at the call,
 Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 Our glory only in the cross,
 Our only hope the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign. AMEN.

The God That to the Fathers

AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

The Rev. Minot Judson Savage (1841-)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876), 1864

1 The God that to the fa - thers Re - vealed His ho - ly will Has not the world for - sak - en,
 2 'T was but far off, in vis - ion, The fa - thers' eyes could see The glo - ry of the king - dom, —
 3 With trust in God's free spir - it, — The ev - er - broadening :ay Of truth that shines to guide us

He's with the chil - dren still. Then en - vy not the twi - light That glim - mered on their way;
 The bet - ter time to be. To - day we see ful - fill - ing The dreams they dreamt of old;
 A - long our for - ward way, — Let us to - day be faith - ful As were the brave of old,

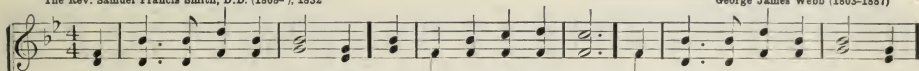
Look up, and see the dawn - ing That broad - ens in - to day.
 While near - er, ev - er near - er, Rolls on the age of gold.
 Till we, their work com - plet - ing, Bring in the age of gold! A - MEN.

The Morning Light is Breaking

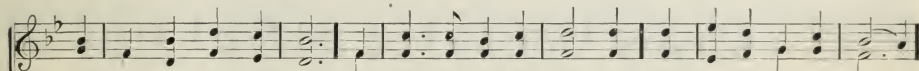
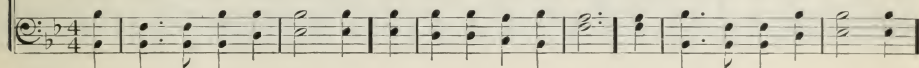
The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D. (1808-), 1832

WEBB 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

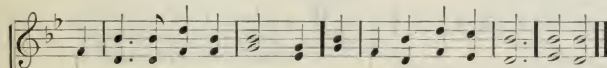
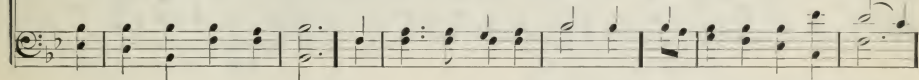
George James Webb (1803-1887)



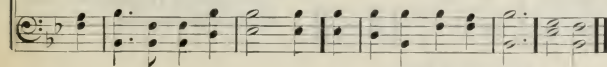
1 The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing
 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle shower, And bright - er scenes be - fore us
 3 See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing



To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,
 Are open - ing ev - ery hour; Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bundant an - swer brings,
 In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 And heavenly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
 And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day. A - MEN.



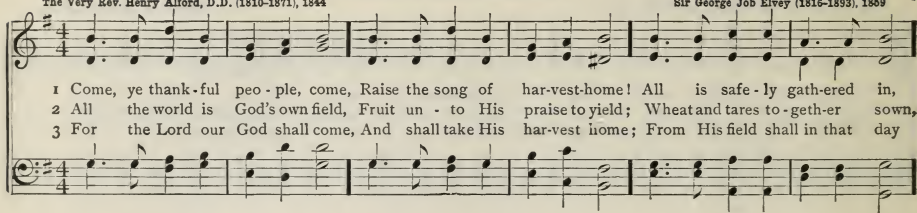
4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow Thou to every nation,
 Nor in Thy richness stay;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, the Lord is come.
 AMEN.

Come, ye Thankful People, Come

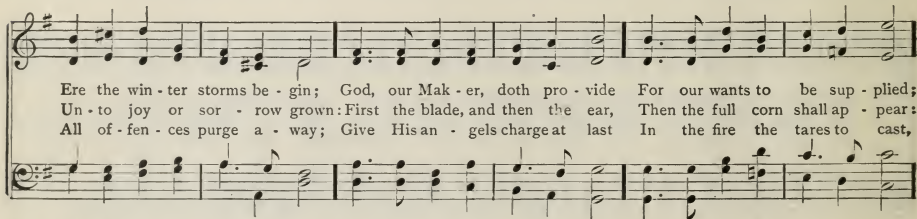
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871), 1844

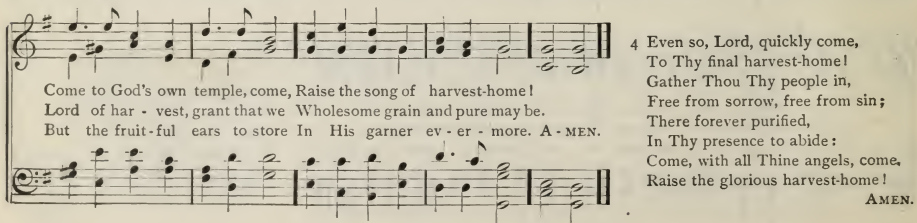
Sir George Job Elvey (1816-1893), 1859



1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home! All is safe-ly gath-ered in,
 2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to-gether sown,
 3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home; From His field shall in that day



Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
 Un-to joy or sor-row grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
 All of-fen-ces purge a-way; Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,



Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home!
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His garner ev-er-more. A-MEN.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final harvest-home!
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There forever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide:
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home!

AMEN.

Lo! Summer Comes Again

LO! SUMMER COMES 6.6.10.6.6.10.

The Very Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (1821-1891), 1871

George Mursell Garrett (1834-), 1872

1 Lo! sum-mer comes a - gain; And af - ter spring-tide rain, The quickening sun-beams flood the world with light;
2 O Lord of heaven and earth, Who giv-est joy and mirth, O - pen our lips to show Thy won-drous praise;

See, high in night's clear skies, The joy of longing eyes, The moon of har-vest shines se-re-ne-ly bright.
Our hearts are dull and cold, We leave Thy love untold; O give us strength our anthems glad to raise. AMEN.

3 Each month we sow or reap,
Each hour we toil or sleep,
Thou givest life and joy, and Thou alone:
O grant to each and all
When death's dark shadows fall,
To stand true workers round our Master's throne.

4 So, life's long task-work o'er,
Set free forevermore,
We shall sit down at Thy great harvest-feast;
Reaper and sower met,
The burning heat forget,
And taste God's love, the greatest as the least.

5 Yea, Lord, Thou too dost claim
The Sower's mystic name;
Thou sendest forth Thy reapers to their field;
O be it theirs to bear
The full corn in the ear,
When Thy true seed its hundred-fold shall yield.

6 Root out the evil tares,
Earth's vexing griefs and cares,
Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy:
And when the hour is come
To bring the full sheaves home,
Bind men and angels share Thy harvest joy. AMEN.

We Plough the Fields, and Scatter

HARVEST 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4.

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815), 1782

Tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-1878), 1861

Arthur Cottman (1842 (?)-1879)

We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and

wa - tered By God's Al - might - y Hand; He sends the snow in win - ter,

The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing

We Plough the Fields, and Scatter — *Concluded*

rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;
Are sent . . . from heaven a - bove;

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love. A - MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

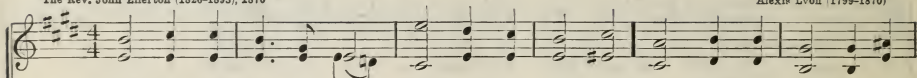
3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love. AMEN.

God the All-Terrible

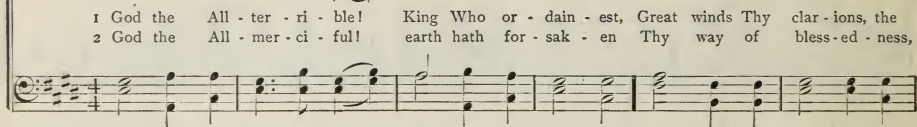
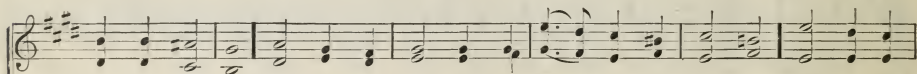
RUSSIAN HYMN 11.10.11.10.

Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872), 1842
The Rev. John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1870

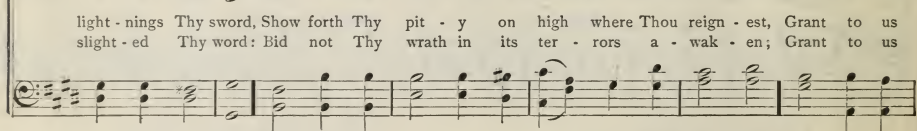
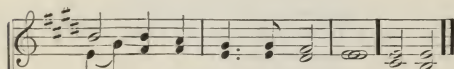
Alexis Lvoff (1799-1870)



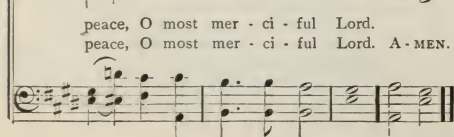
1 God the All - ter - ri - ble! King Who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy clar - ions, the
2 God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy way of bless - ed - ness,

light - nings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou reign - est, Grant to us
slight - ed Thy word: Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en; Grant to us

peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord. A - MEN.



3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee:
Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord." AMEN.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

WAREHAM (ALL SAINTS) L. M.

The Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D. (1802-1881)

William Knapp (1698-1768), 1738

I O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex - illed fa - thers crossed the sea;

And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they wor-shipped Thee. A - MEN.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
 Thy blessing came, and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more. AMEN.

NATIONAL

When Wilt Thou Save the People?

COMMONWEALTH 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 5.

Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849)

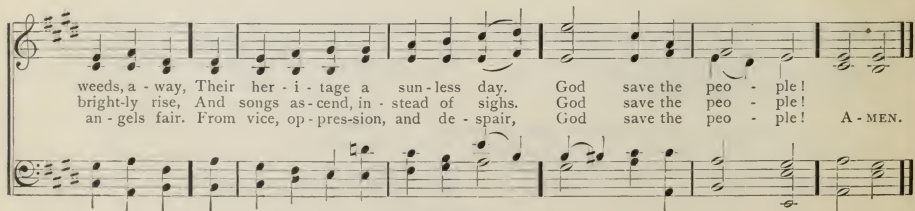
Josiah Booth (1852-)



1 When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? Not kings and lords, but na - tions!
 2 Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong? Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther,
 3 When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple,



Not thrones and crowns, but men! Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like
 That man shall toil for wrong? No, say Thy moun-tains; No, Thy skies; Man's cloud-ed sun shall
 Not thrones and crowns, but men! God save the peo - ple; Thine they are, Thy chil-dren, as Thine



weeds, a - way, Their her - i - tage a sun-less day. God save the peo - ple!
 bright-ly rise, And songs as-cend, in - stead of sighs. God save the peo - ple!
 an - gels fair. From vice, op - pres-sion, and de - spair, God save the peo - ple! A - MEN.

My Country! 't is of Thee

AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D. (1808-), 1832

Henry Carey (1685-1743) 1740

1 My coun - try! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, — Land where my
2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

fa - thers died! Land of the pil-grims' pride! From ev - ery moun - tain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove. A - MEN.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King! AMEN.

The Church's one Foundation

The Rev. Samuel John Stone (1839-), 1865

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Samuel Sebastian Wealey (1810-1876), 1864

1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre - a - tion
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char - ter of sal - va - tion
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - pressed, By schisms rent a - sun - der,
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war, She waits the con - sum - ma - tion

By wa - ter and the word; From Heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food;
 By her - e - sies dis - tressed; Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 Of peace for - ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A-MEN.

- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won;
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace, that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

AMEN.

Go Forward, Christian Soldier

ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6, 7. 6.

The Rev. Lawrence Tuttielt (1825-), 1866

Melchior Teschner (1580-), 1615

1 Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban-ner true; The Lord Him-self, thy Lead - er,
 2 Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe; Far more o'er thee are watch - ing;
 3 Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the gath-ering night; The Lord has been thy shel - ter;

Shall all thy foes sub - due. His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need,
 Than hu-man eyes can know: Trust on - ly Christ, Thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
 The Lord will be thy light. When morn His Face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past;

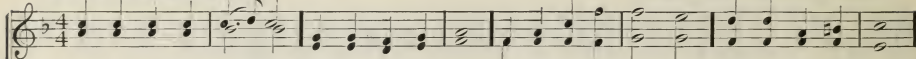
He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
 Heed not the treach-erous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
 O, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last! A - MEN.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

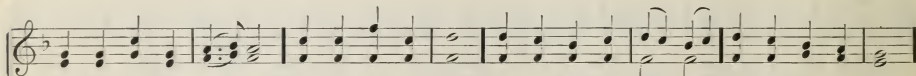
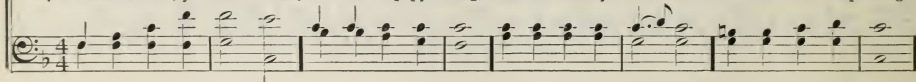
The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. (1834-), 1865

ST. GERTRUDE 6.5. 12 lines

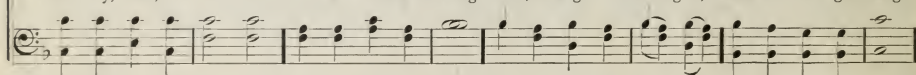
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872



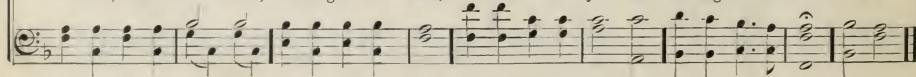
1 On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 2 Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.
 3 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main.
 4 On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph song.



Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, — One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King: This, through countless ag - es, Men and an - gels sing.



On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.



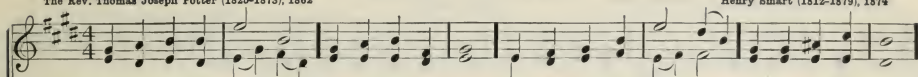
PROCESSIONAL

Brightly Gleams our Banner

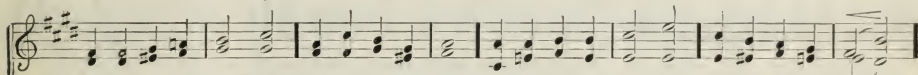
The Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter (1825-1873), 1862

VEXILLUM 6.5. 12 lines

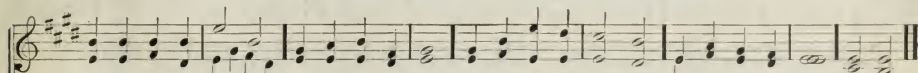
Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1874



1 Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on - ward To their home on high.
 2 Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re - joic - ing See Thy children meet;
 3 All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious Ov - er ev - ery foe;
 4 Then with saints and an - gels, May we join a - bove, Offer-ing prayers and prais-es At Thy throne of love;



Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heavenward way.
 Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
 Bid Thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower, Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, Je - sus in His beau-ty, Songs that never cease.



Bright - ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on - ward To their home on high. A - MEN

PROCESSIONAL

Forward! be our Watchword

WATCHWORD 6.5. 12 lines

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871), 1871

James C. Knox, M.A.

1 For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us, Not a look be-hind:
 2 For-ward, when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All through youth and man-hood, Not a thought be-hind:
 3 Glo-ries up-on glo-ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love Him One day to be shared;
 4 To the eter-nal Fa-ther Loud-est an-thems raise: To the Son and Spir-it Ech-o songs of praise:

Burns the fie-ry pil-lar At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led?
 Speed through realms of na-ture, Climb the steps of grace; Faint not, till in glo-ry Gleams our Fa-ther's face.
 Eye hath not be-held them, Ear hath nev-er heard; Nor of these hath ut-tered Thought or speech a word;
 To the Lord of glo-ry, Bless-ed Three in One, Be by men and an-gels End-less hon-or done.

For-ward through the des-ert, Through the toil and fight! Jordan flows be-fore us; Si-on beams with light.
 For-ward, all the life-time, Climb from height to height: Till the head be-ho-a-ry, Till the eve be light.
 For-ward! march-ing east-ward Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift-ed, Till our faith be sight.
 Weak are earth-ly prais-es, Dull the songs of night: Forward in-to tri-umph! Forward in-to light! A-MEN.

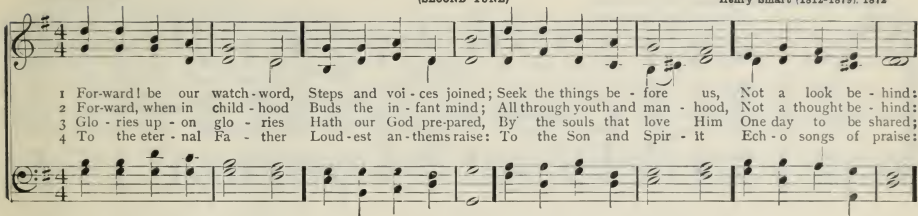
PROCESSIONAL

Forward! be our Watchword

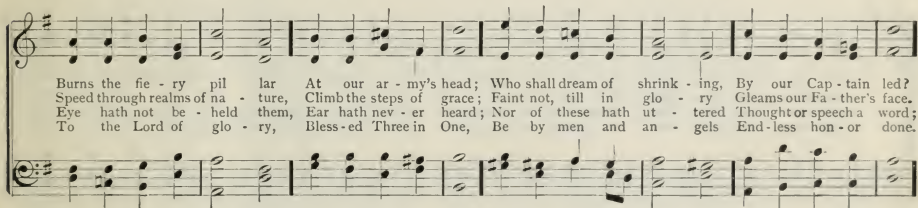
ST. BONIFACE 6.5. 12 lines

(SECOND TUNE)

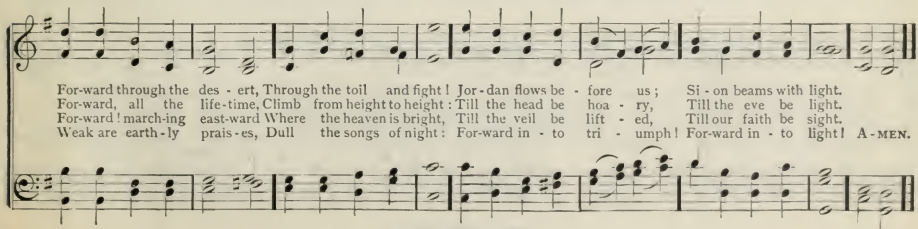
Henry Smart (1812-1879). 1872



1 For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi - ces joined; Seek the things be - fore us, Not a look be - hind:
 2 For-ward, when in child - hood Buds the in - fant mind; All through youth and man - hood, Not a thought be - hind:
 3 Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love Him One day to be shared;
 4 To the eter - nal Fa - ther Loud-est an-thems raise: To the Son and Spir - it Ech - o songs of praise:



Burns the fie - ry pil lar At our ar - my's head; Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap - tain led?
 Speed through realms of na - ture, Climb the steps of grace; Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Fa - ther's face.
 Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard; Nor of these hath ut - tered Thought or speech a word;
 To the Lord of glo - ry, Bless-ed Three in One, Be by men and an - gels End - less hon - or done.



For-ward through the des - ert, Through the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be - fore us; Si - on beams with light.
 For-ward, all the life-time, Climb from height to height: Till the head be - ho - ry, Till the eve be light.
 For-ward! march-ing east-ward Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight.
 Weak are earth - ly prais-es, Dull the songs of night: For-ward in - to tri - umph! For-ward in - to light! A - MEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Thro' the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

HUNTINGTON 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann (1789-1862), 1825

Tr. The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. (1834-), 1867

W. S. Bambridge

1 Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band, Sing - ing songs of
 2 One, the light of God's own pres - ence, O'er His ran - somed peo - ple shed, Chas - ing far the
 3 One, the strain the lips of thou - sands Lift as from the heart of one; One the con - flict,
 4 On - ward, there - fore, pil - grim broth - ers! On - ward, with the cross our aid! Bear its shame, and

ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land. Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness
 gloom and ter - ror, Brightening all the path we tread: One, the ob - ject of our jour - ney,
 one the per - il, One, the march in God be - gun: One, the glad - ness of re - joic - ing
 fight its bat - tle, Till we rest be - neath its shade! Soon shall come the great a - wak - ing;

Glams and burns the guid - ing light: Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less through the night.
 One, the faith which nev - er tires, One, the ear - nest looking for - ward, One, the hope our God in - spires.
 On the far e - ter - nal shore, Where the One Al - mighty Fa - ther Reigns in love for - ev - er - more.
 Soon the rend - ing of the tomb; Then, the scattering of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom! AMEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Saviour, Blessed Saviour

ASAPH 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1862

George Edward Stubbs

1 Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces rais-ing Prais-es to our King;
2 Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a-do-ra-tion Bend-ing low the knee:

All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
Thou for our re-demp-tion Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low, Hast gone up on high. A-MEN.

Used by permission

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies there,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

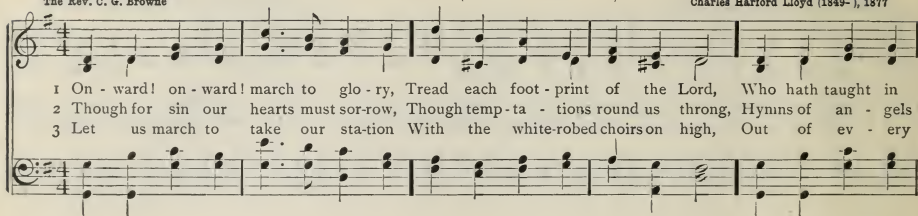
5 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
(Earthly toils forgotten)
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. AMEN.

Onward! Onward! March to Glory

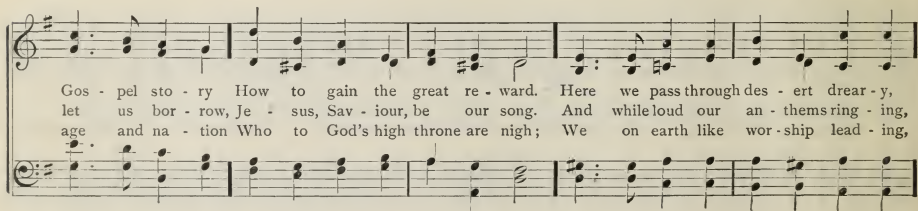
The Rev. C. W. Power
The Rev. C. G. Browne

ONWARD! ONWARD! 8.7. 12 lines

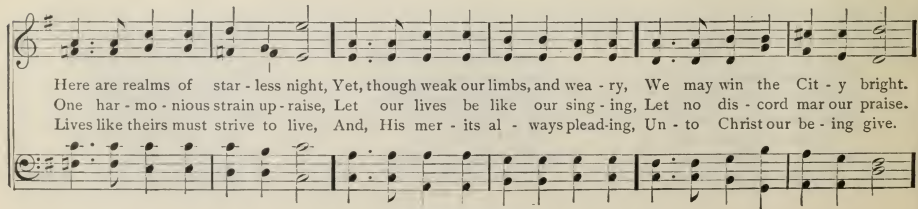
Charles Harford Lloyd (1849-), 1877



1 On - ward! on - ward! march to glo - ry, Tread each foot - print of the Lord, Who hath taught in
2 Though for sin our hearts must sor-row, Though temp-ta - tions round us throng, Hymns of an - gels
3 Let us march to take our sta-tion With the white-robed choirs on high, Out of ev - ery



Gos - pel sto - ry How to gain the great re - ward. Here we pass through des - ert drear - y,
let us bor - row, Je - sus, Sav - iour, be our song. And while loud our an - thems ring - ing,
age and na - tion Who to God's high throne are nigh; We on earth like wor - ship lead - ing,



Here are realms of star - less night, Yet, though weak our limbs, and wea - ry, We may win the Cit - y bright.
One har - mo - nious strain up - raise, Let our lives be like our sing - ing, Let no dis - cord mar our praise.
Lives like theirs must strive to live, And, His mer - its al - ways plead - ing, Un - to Christ our be - ing give.

PROCESSIONAL

Onward! Onward! March to Glory—*Concluded*

On - ward! on - ward! march to glo - ry, Tread each foot - print of the Lord,

Who hath taught in Gos - pel sto - ry How to gain the great re - ward. A - MEN.

4 First in earliest childhood's morning,
 From our sins He sets us free,
 And, with all His grace adorning,
 Chooses us His own to be;
 Then, when Satan's hosts would steal us
 From His fold with envious might,
 With His Spirit He doth seal us,
 Strengthen, arm us for the fight.
 Onward! onward! march to glory,
 Tread each footprint of the Lord,
 Who hath taught in Gospel story
 How to gain the great reward.

5 Onward then, nor faint, nor falter,
 Onward to the rest above;
 Christ His promise will not alter,
 But will meet us in His love.
 Now with voice and understanding,
 Psalms and hymns of joy upraise,
 And with choirs of angels banding,
 Father, Son, and Spirit praise.
 Onward! onward! march to glory,
 Tread each footprint of the Lord,
 Who hath taught in Gospel story
 How to gain the great reward.

AMEN.

CE We March, We March to Victory

The Rev. Gerald Moultrie, M.A. (1829-1885), 1867

VICTORY Irregular

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1869

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

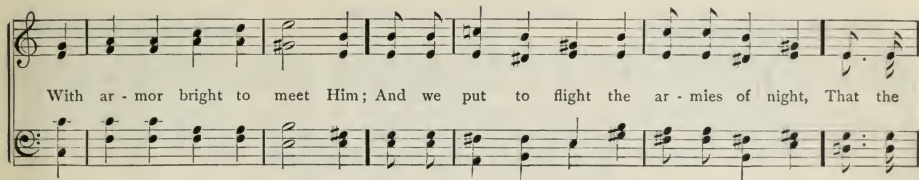
With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

All verses except last

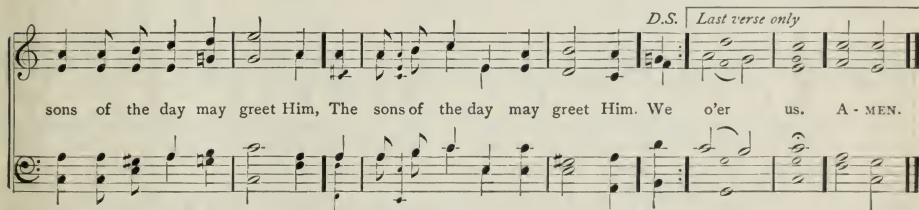
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. i We come in the might of the Lord of Light,

PROCESSIONAL

We March, We March to Victory—*Concluded*



With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the



D.S. Last verse only

sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We o'er us. A - MEN.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet His salvation;
Our banner the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc. AMEN.

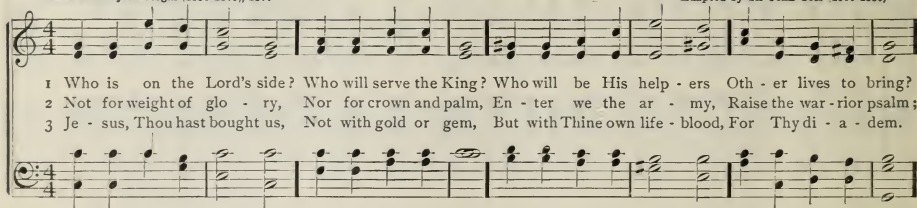
PROCESSIONAL

Who is on the Lord's Side

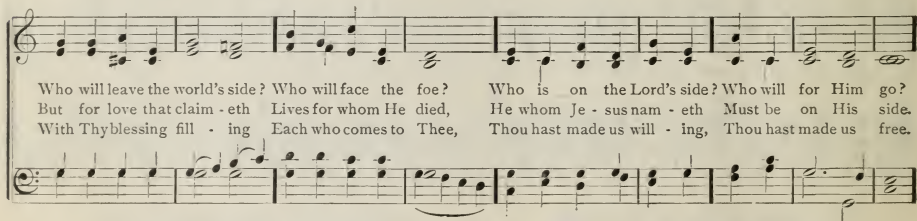
ARMAGEDDON 6.5. 12 lines

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1877

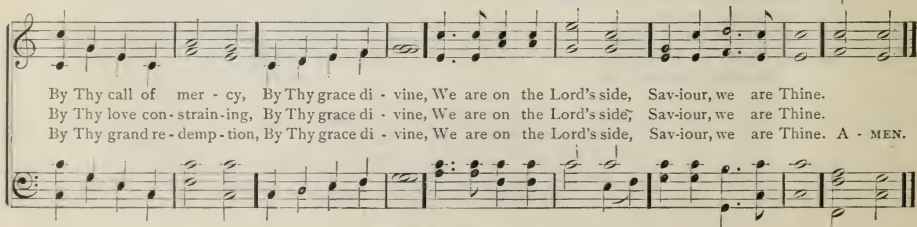
Adapted by Sir John Goss (1800-1880)



1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
 2 Not for weight of glo - ry, Nor for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm;
 3 Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem.



Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go?
 But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
 With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.



By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
 By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
 By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A - MEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Who is on the Lord's Side — *Concluded*

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe;
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.
5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, callèd, faithful,
For our Captain's band,—

In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine. AMEN.

Who is on the Lord's Side

SUMUS TIBI 6.5. 12 lines
(SECOND TUNE)

H. Elliot Button

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go?

By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, . . . We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. AMEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Jesus, King of Glory

REX GLORIAE 6.5. 12 lines

The Rev. Edward Harland (1810-), 1863

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1898), 1872

1 Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.
 2 On this day of gladness, Bend - ing low the knee In Thine earth - ly tem - ple, Lord, we wor - ship Thee;
 3 For the lit - tle chil - dren, Who have come to Thee; For the glad, bright spir - its Who Thy glo - ry see;

Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spir - it help us Heavenly life to win.
 Cel - e - brate Thy good - ness, Mer - cy, grace, and truth, All Thy lov - ing guidance Of our heed - less youth.
 For the loved ones rest - ing In Thy dear em - brace; For the pure and ho - ly Who be - hold Thy face,

Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.
 Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear our grate - ful cry.
 Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear our grate - ful cry. A - MEN.

PROCESSIONAL

On our Way Rejoicing

VESPERS 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

Th Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875), 1863

H. A. Prothero.

1 On our way re - joic - ing, As we home - ward move, Heark - en to our prais - es,
 2 If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
 3 On our way re - joic - ing, Glad - ly let us go, Vic - tor is the Lead - er!

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be:
 Do - ing all we can, Thou Who giv'st the seed - time, Wilt give large in - crease,
 Vanquished is the foe! Christ with - out — our safe - ty! Christ with - in — our joy!

If our sky be cloud - ed, Clouds are not from Thee.
 Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.
 Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de - stroy? A - MEN.

- 4 Unto God the Father,
 Joyful songs we sing;
 Unto God the Saviour,
 Thankful hearts we bring;
 Unto God the Spirit,
 Bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing,
 Ever, evermore! AMEN.

Charge Them Who Are Rich

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1906)

Charge them . . . who are rich in this world, that they be ready to

Ped. *senza ped.*

give, and glad to distribute, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation a -

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

Charge Them Who Are Rich — *Concluded*

molto rall. dim.

gainst the time to come, the time to come, that they may at-tain e-ter-nal

molto rall. e dim.

Ped.

life, that they may at-tain - - - e-ter-nal life.

dim.

senza ped. *Ped.*

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

Let Your Light so Shine

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

Let your light so shine . . . be-fore men, that they may see your good works, may see your god

Accomp.

This system contains the first vocal line and the first piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It includes the label 'Accomp.' and features a series of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

works, and glo-ri-fy your Fa-ther, glo-ri-fy your Fa-ther, which is in heaven, which is in heaven.

This system contains the second vocal line and the second piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues the harmonic support, also ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts

Sir John Stainer (1840-)

Slow *pp* *p* *mf* *f*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are

Slow *pp* *mf* *f*

ff *dim.* *p* *pp*

full, are full of Thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - men. A - men.

ff *dim.* *p*

SANCTUS

O Lamb of God

The Rev. Herbert Hall Woodward (1847-)

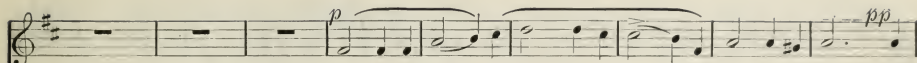
Slowly, and with much expression

O Lamb of God, that

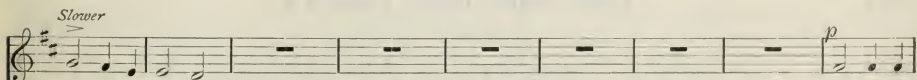
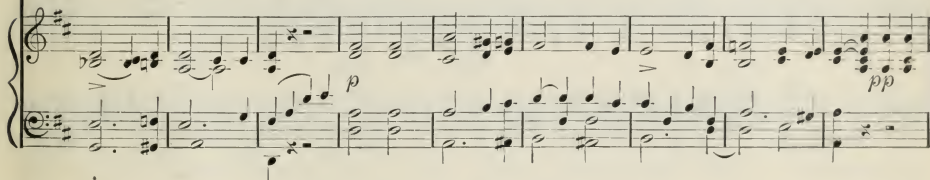
tak - est a - way the sins of the world, Have mer - cy up - on us,

AGNUS DEI

O Lamb of God — *Continued*



O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, Have



mer - cy up - on us.

O Lamb of

Tempo mo.



AGNUS DEI

O Lamb of God — Concluded

cres. *mf* *dim.* *pp* *Slower*
 God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace.

cres. *mf* *dim.* *Slower* *ppp*
Sve. Ped.

201

Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us

Alfred J. Eyre

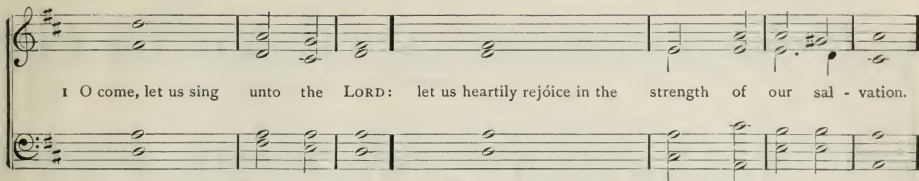
cres. *dim.* *rall.*
 Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

p *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

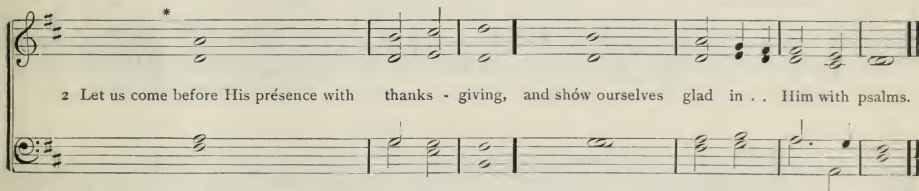
RESPONSE AFTER COMMANDMENTS

O Come, Let us Sing

William Boyce (1710-1779)



1 O come, let us sing unto the LORD: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal - vation.



2 Let us come before His presence with thanks - giving, and show ourselves glad in . . . Him with psalms.

3 For the LORD is a | great - — | God || and a gréat | King
a | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the córners | of the | earth || and
the strength of the | hills is | His - — | also.

5 The sea is Hís | and He | made it || and His hánds pre |
pared - the | dry - — | land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall - — | down || and knéel
be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

7 For Hé is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people
of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His - — hand.

8 O worship the LORD in the | beauty - of | holiness || let
the whole eárrh | stand in | awe of | Him.

*9 For He cométh, for He cómeth to | judge the | earth ||
and with righteousness to judge the wórld and the | people |
with His | truth.

Glory be to the Father | and - to the | Son || and | to the |
Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be ||
wórl'd with | out - end | A - — | MEN.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

Glory Be to the Father

Berthold Tours (1838-)

*Allegro con brio**cres* *cen* *do*

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and

cres *cen* *do*

to the Ho - ly Ghost: as it

GLORIA PATRI

Glory Be to the Father — *Concluded*

sempre cres *cen* *do*

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, is now, and ev - er shall

sempre cres *cen* *do*

al *fff*

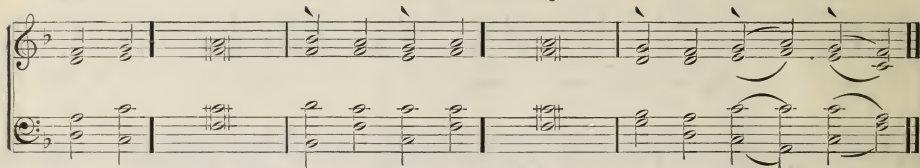
be, and ev - - er shall be, world . . with - out end. A - MEN.

al *fff*

GLORIA PATRI

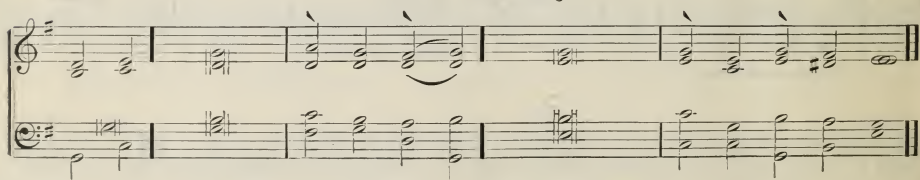
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TONE I. First Ending



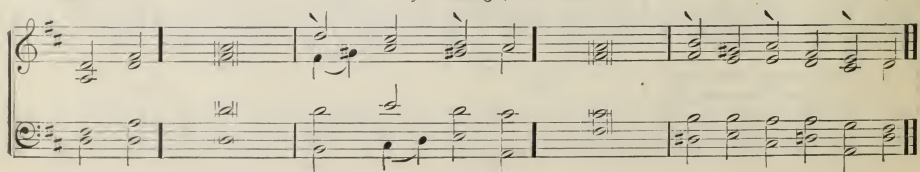
No. 2

TONE III. Third Ending



No. 3

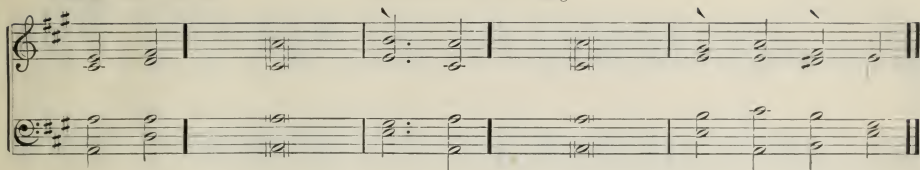
TONE V. Fifth Ending (Rouen Mediation)



Gregorian Tones — *Concluded*

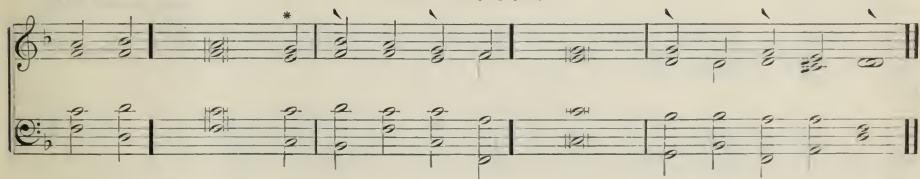
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tone VIII. First Ending



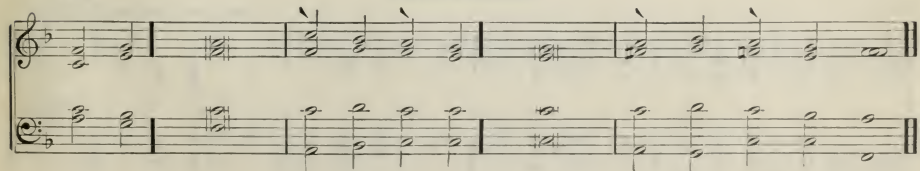
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TONUS PEREGRINUS

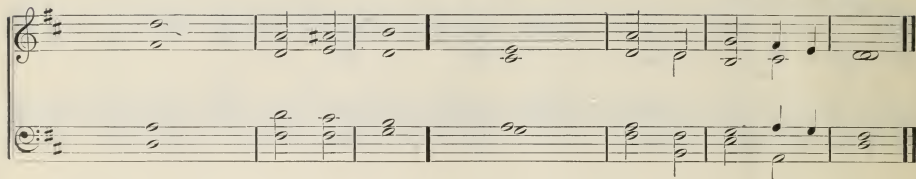


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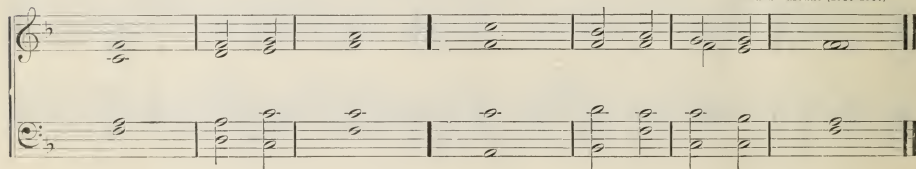
TONUS REGIUS



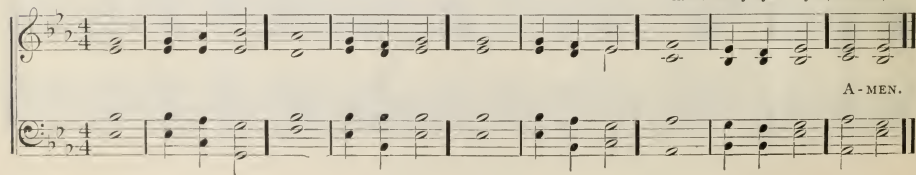
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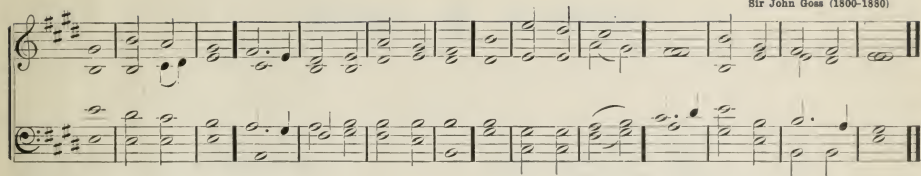
Richard Farrant (1530-1590)

*TROYTE — Chant*

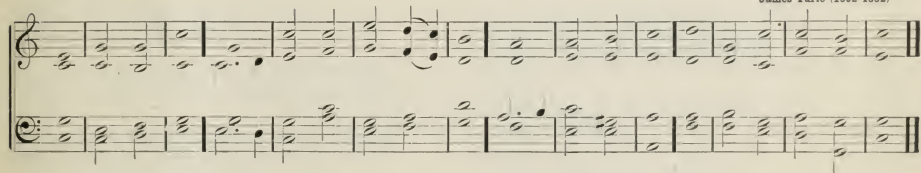
Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte (1811-1857)



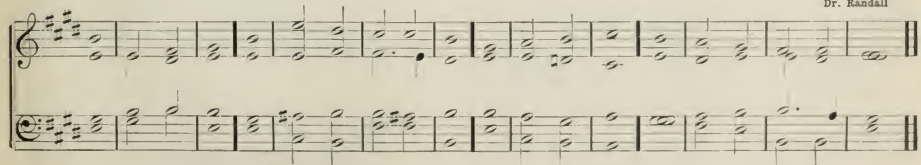
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